JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 7, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1586.

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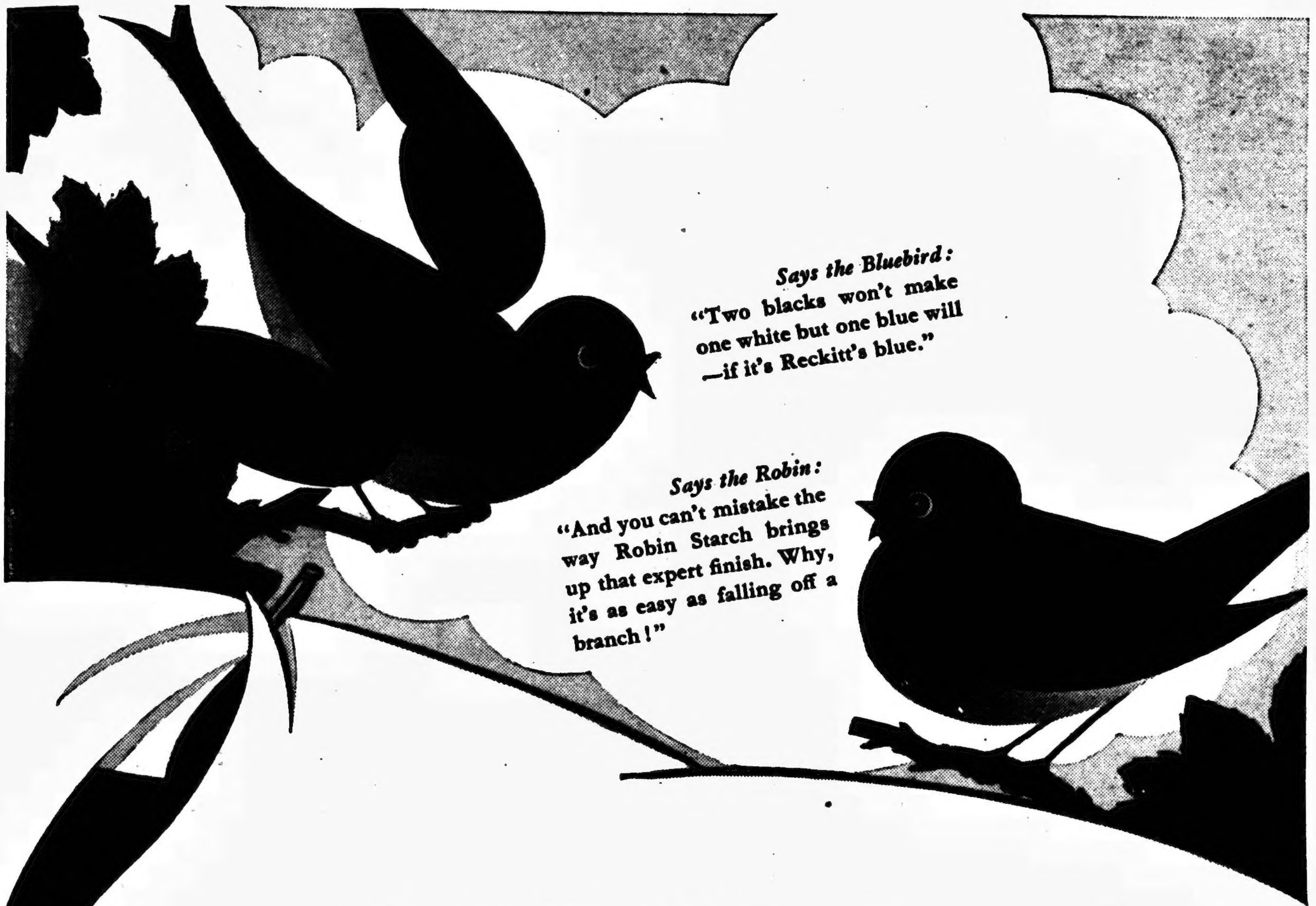
JOHN BULL



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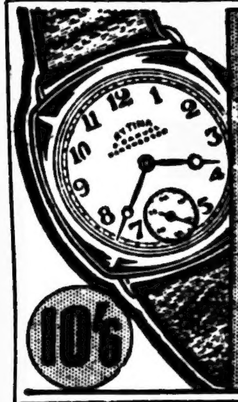
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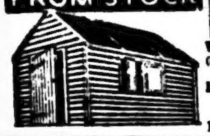
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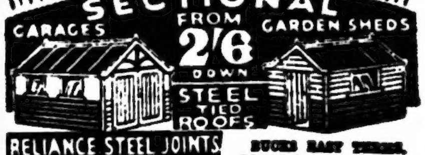
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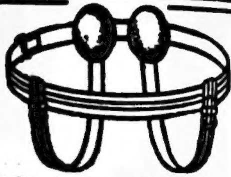
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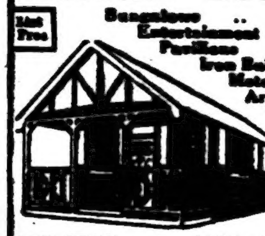
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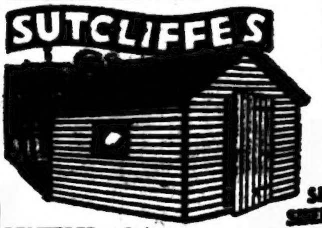
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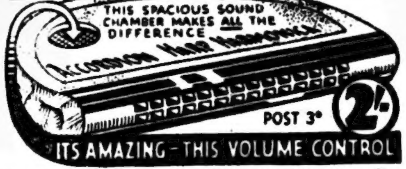
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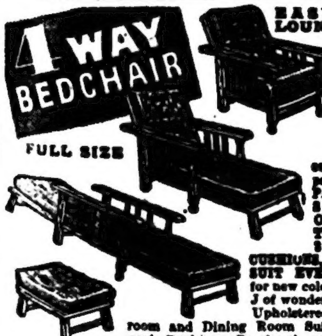

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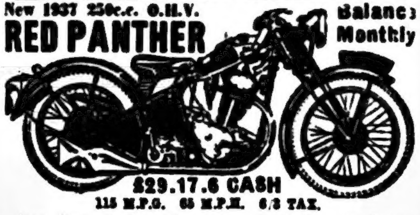

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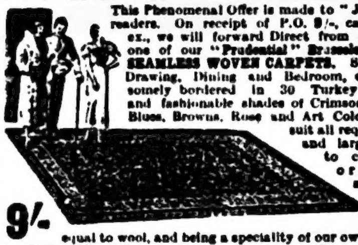

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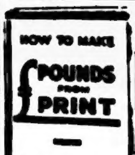

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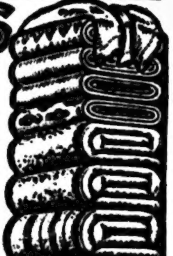

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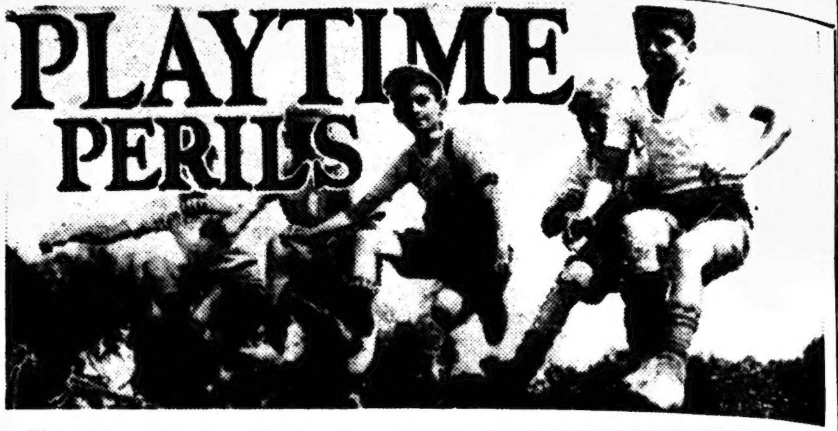

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Signature..

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 7/11/36

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Reader's Signature.

Age........................

Address ....

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Name and Address..
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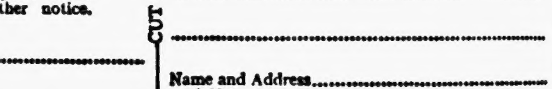

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FREE.—Fennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 35.

FREE.—A generous sample of Casco, the new glue—sets chemically like cement. Simply send a p.c. to Leicester, Lovell & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 14/18, Nile St., London, N.1. See p. 40.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free Cookery Book. Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 31.

THERE are many interesting and economical uses for Lyle's Golden Syrup in the special free book compiled by Elizabeth Craig. This can be obtained by all *John Bull* readers who write to Tate & Lyle, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 21, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3. See offer on page 30.

A FREE 7-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of Shaving. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 359), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage, etc. See p. 35.

FREE.—De Luxe Beauty Outfit containing TOKALON preparations (powder and cream). Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd., Dept. 422G, Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. This offer appears on p. 45.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts are set out in the free gift booklet offered by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E.21, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for your free copy.

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Colds, like other ailments, seize those who neglect their defences. How can you repel those attacks? Vital to well-being, yet all too often disregarded, is *the kind of food you eat*. You may have plenty of food, but many nowadays do not get enough of what are called by doctors the 'protective foods.'

What 'Protective Foods' are

Milk, eggs, vegetables, fresh fruit, are fine protective foods, and form a large part of any well-balanced diet. They are 'protective' because they are rich in minerals and vitamins. Everyone needs an adequate daily supply of these vital food elements. They are essential to the growth and health of every cell of the human body. Yet it is very often difficult, especially in winter, to get enough of them. Then vitality ebbs; the whole tone—the resistance—of the body is lowered.

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A sure, simple and economical way of combating shortage of these vital food elements is to take Bourn-vita. Take it at night, last thing. Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of four protective foods—new-laid eggs and fresh full-cream milk, barley malt and chocolate. It supplies your system with the much-needed calcium, phosphorus and iron, the essential vitamins A, B and D, so that the body's defences are kept high and your well-being properly protected

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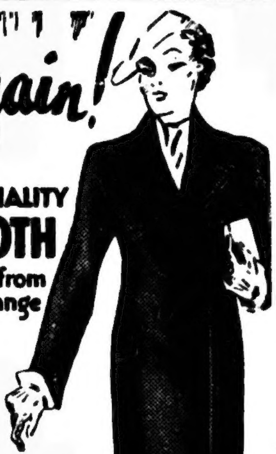

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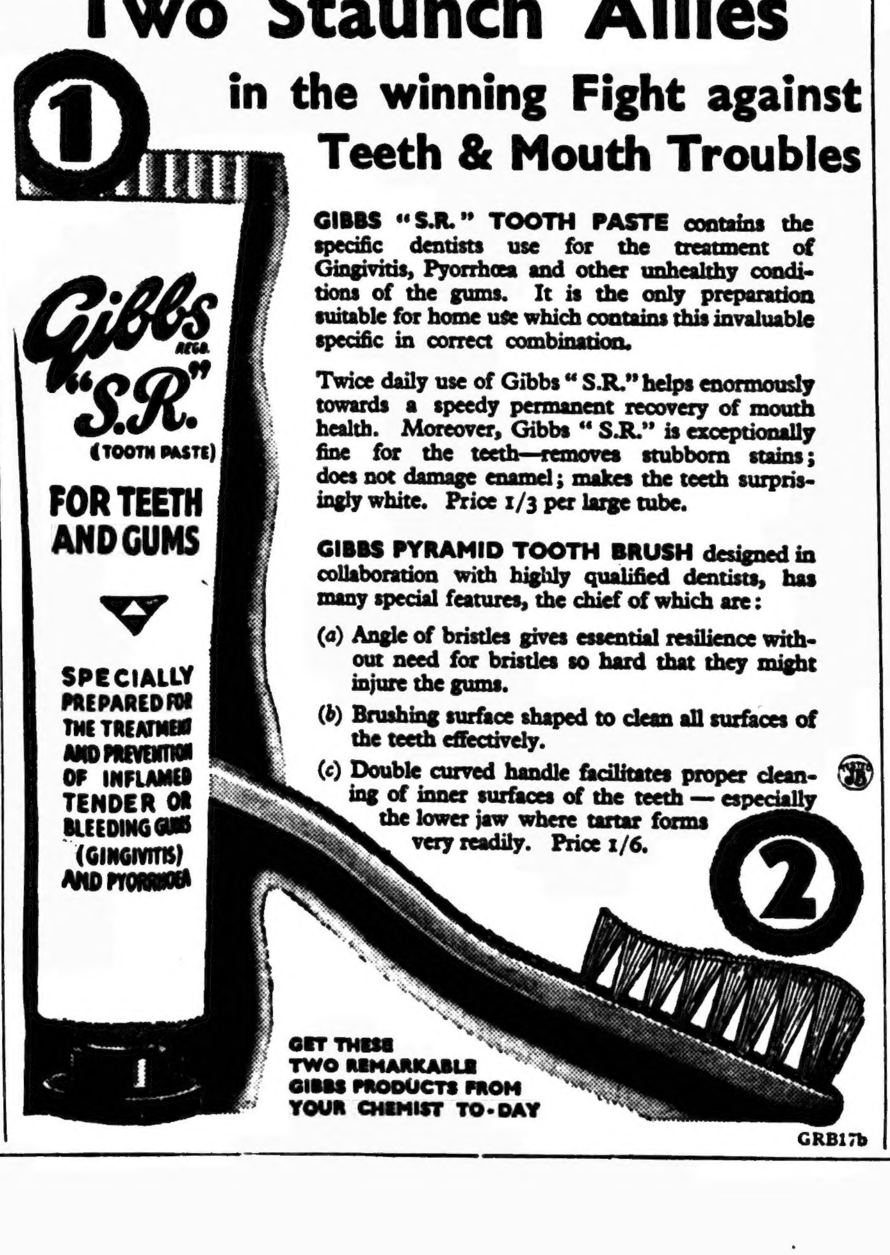
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

• TO OUR READERS

NEXT Wednesday – another Armistice Day. Cabinet Ministers will stand bareheaded at the Cenotaph, then return to their desks and cheerfully go on preparing for the "next war."

A hideous mockery? Certainly! But fear of war has Europe in its grip. What can ordinary men and women do about it?

This issue of "John Bull" tries to answer the question.

The leading article, Drinkwater, Gardiner and Swaffer give individual answers. The Rev. Dr. Sheldon, American Evangelist, and author of the supreme Christian "best seller" — after the Bible — tries to divine what Jesus would do in the present crisis.

Bungling of air raid and gas bomb precautions . . . the sudden growth in spying and counter-espionage . . . human wreckage still in hospital eighteen years after . . . these evils bred of war and fear of war . . . read of them and do your part to see that "it shall never happen again."

THE EDITOR.

• FROM OUR READERS

NEARLY *two hundred letters reached the Editor last week from all parts of the country upon one subject—the need for revising the rules for* he *grant of old age pensions to insured* workers *at sixty-five and to their wives.*

Public opinion has clearly become suddenly *roused. Following are a few* typical *extracts:*

"I have just obtained pension but cannot afford to relinquish my job in favour of a younger man because my wife does not qualify for pension until she also is sixty-five, two years hence."

"Married people in their sixties should both receive the 10s. pension when one of them reaches the eligible age."

"I am sixty-seven, but cannot obtain pension because my husband is only sixty-four. At Leeds pensions office I was told I am only one of tens of thousands in this plight."

"I am foreman in a factory where scores of men would at once give up work if the pension age was reduced to sixty and if their wives, who are younger, could qualify at the same time."

Reward

I HAVE dinned the need for honesty into my son, aged thirteen.

This week I got my first job after eight months' unemployment. To-night, on coming home, I paused at the door to feel my wages packet with £3 4s. in my pocket. It had gone!

I was in despair. We expect another baby in three weeks and had planned how every penny would be spent.

After retracing my steps to the factory and searching the streets in vain, I went to the police-station. The money was there intact.

I asked the name of the finder. It was my boy.—Donald Grierson, Old Swan, Liverpool.

Why Not?

LATELY I have whiled away time by writing to all M.P.s appealing for support for a new electoral system and pointing out the perversion of democracy in the fact that a million Tory voters in the south returned seventy Members, while nearly a similar number of Labour votes failed to return one.

Many M.P.s have courteously replied, but most state that any other voting system than the present one would be too complicated for the average elector.—H. K., Bootle.

To a nation which can fill up football coupons correctly, a revised ballot paper should be child's play.

Rents Ransom

I HAVE just had a visit from my landlord with an intimation of a 14 per cent. rent increase. The reason he gave is that the market value of house property is falling and he must make good the loss of capital.

I am only one of a multitude of occupiers of decontrolled houses who are facing the same demand and absurd argument.

Because of decontrol we already pay 60 or 70 per cent. higher rents than can be charged for exactly the same class of controlled houses. — Rupert Hesdin, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Rents Restrictions Acts are almost obsolete. Electors should harass their M.P.'s until the law is redrafted.

Forest Tale

WHILE working in the depths of an African forest I kept a tame baboon named Peter.

One day I locked up my log cabin to leave the district for a year. I told Peter to go back into the forest to join the other baboons.

Twelve months later I returned. Only a few minutes after reopening my cabin, who should walk up but Peter. He was somewhat savage, but soon became quite tame again.

In the end Peter was shot by a hunter who mistook him for a wild baboon.—C. Sheen, Dalwood, Devon.

King George IV kept in the Palace a pet baboon named "Happy Jerry." It died from drinking gin and rum mixed.

How It Happens

THERE has been a series of reports of chemists making mistakes—some very serious—in the compounding of prescriptions.

Might not the explanation be found in an experience which I had the other day?

I handed in a prescription and was asked to wait. The dispenser took fifteen minutes to prepare the medicine, and in that period he had to pause seven times to attend to customers, although several counter hands were present.—David B. Greer, Porchester Square, W.2.

The unwritten law of the pharmacy that a dispenser must not be interrupted has fallen into disuse. It should be an absolute rule.

Find The Way

I AM an ordinary typist engaged to be married to an ordinary clerk. We are deeply in love, and the day is not far distant when we may settle down in our own small home. Only one thing might spoil our plans and happiness—war.

Everything else has failed to stop preoccupation with war. Let the women have a turn. Let the next round table conference be one of women from the nations of Europe. Let the qualification for delegates be that they love and are loved by a man of military age.—Miss A. F., Reform Street, Battersea, S.W.

Delegates from Germany and Italy would not be given passports to attend your conference.

Scales To Mend

THIS is a picking from happenings at a police-court in one district in one day:

Wife-beating—£1 fine.
Kicking policeman—£1 fine.
Striking child on head with iron bar, causing wounds needing stitches—£2 fine.
Cruelty to horse—£5 fine.
Street betting—£15 fine.
Theft of loaf—seven days' jail.
Street begging—fourteen days' jail.—"Syer," Worcester.

Wrong Belief

LAST May, three months before baby was born, I was rescued unconscious from a burning house. I had tried to escape, but the staircase was impassable, and I was overcome when going to the window to leap out.

Everyone told me my child would bear some kind of brand. She is now two months old, healthy, and has a skin of flawless beauty.

This, I think, is remarkable, because my sister's baby has the mark of a mouse and she remembers that she was scared by one.

A friend's child has a mole the shape of a pistol and she was scared by an explosion on Guy Fawkes' Day.—Mrs. F. Keating, Church Road, Urmston, Manchester.

It is a fallacy to attribute birth-marks to pre-natal experience.

Benediction

UPROAR and angry scenes defile every other meeting of our local authorities throughout the land.

I believe this would be prevented if their proceedings were always opened with prayer. Our councillors would then tackle the problems which affect our well-being, not only pacifically, but more effectively.—Effie, Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Notts.

Proceedings in Parliament are opened with prayers daily.

Bogy Vans

THREE of my neighbours have been fined for failing to take out wireless licences. I have no sympathy for them.

But I am somewhat puzzled by the manner in which they were caught. A B.B.C. detector van went up and down the street and then an inspector who was a passenger in it went to their houses. What kind of apparatus do these vans carry?—J. Wigley, Dartmouth Street, West Bromwich.

None, anyhow, for the purpose you imagine. Most offenders are traced from information given by anonymous letter writers.

Goals The Thing

FOOTBALL reform is in the air, but the legislators of the game still seem oblivious to the essential need.

This is to scrap the system awarding two points for a win, upon which honours and promotion depend.

Week after week the spectacle is seen of a team obtaining a lead in goals and then resorting to stone-walling defensive tactics for the rest of the match.

Clubs should take order in the tables according to goal average, not the number of wins This would make the teams strive for the full ninety minutes to obtain goals.—Major, Gilford Road, Sandymount.

It would certainly brighten football for the spectators.

A Doctor Speaks

THE sudden clamour by this Government for a physically fit race makes me, a school doctor, smile with derision.

The foundations of future bodily vigour are laid between the ages of eleven and fifteen. Apart altogether from malnutrition, this cannot be attainable in the next generation because of the devitalising effects of excessive home-work.

Children to-day have no time either for the rest or recreation essential to procure fitness after adolescence.—M.D., L.R.C.P., Notts.

Board of Education tries to smother this reality by the gesture of providing free gymnasium shoes.

Write to John Bull About It —

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published Envelopes marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

DUTY is a debt that is owed by everyone and that everyone must pay if life is to be lived sanely. Nor is it too much to say that many people work harder at dodging their duty—or trying to dodge it—than others do in facing up to it and discharging it.

For the man who does his duty without questioning or shirking is self-controlled, self-disciplined and self-mastered. He is free—and therefore happy.

If you want to know what duty is, listen to St. Paul. He defined it better than anyone else: "Render, therefore, to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due: custom to whom custom is due: fear to whom fear is due: honour to whom honour is due. Owe no man anything but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

It is not always easy to do one's duty. It always means a certain amount of effort and resolute action. It not seldom means a certain amount of self-denial. It frequently means a great deal of self-restraint.

But hard or easy, to do one's duty is the only way to have an easy mind and a peaceful conscience. It is the only way to find happiness. No one can be happy who has shirked duty.

If you fail to do your duty, whether it be in your own home or outside it, you can't really be happy because you have thereby made someone else unhappy. For the essence of duty is consideration for others, justice towards others, the right use of power.

To do one's duty, in fact, is to live in right and harmonious relationship with everyone around us, to do right because it is right, and to avoid doing wrong because we would prefer to do right.

In view of which there are not many of us who can say we have ever gone through a single day and really done our duty throughout.

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C.A.358

Have You Had Another Baby?

HAVE you had another baby yet?

This is the question they will all be asking you soon. Very shortly the Government intends to start a tremendous drive to arrest the decline in the birth-rate, with the cry that the first line of national defence is an *abundant* race.

You will read or hear the first covert suggestions next week. Word has gone out that the authorities favour the Armistice Day anniversary as an appropriate starting-off point for the Bigger Population campaign.

The facts about our dwindling population are certainly alarming. Shakespeare's England numbered 5,000,000; Queen Victoria began to reign over a Britain inhabited by 20,000,000; the Registrar-General's last round-up counted about 45,000,000 heads.

That sounds a fine healthy increase, but, on the other hand, since 1914 the birth-rate had dropped by one-third. By 1941, population will have passed its peak. At the present rate, by 1956 we shall only number 40,000,000. By 1976 only 30,000,000.

The facts—known for ten years by experts—have suddenly alarmed the Cabinet and the officialdom around it. A big drive is now being organised to stop this "racial decay," to end this strike against motherhood.

Notice that, in an age when most important national decisions are taken by a handful of politicians, financiers and soldiers at the centre of affairs, this most important decision of all has been taken independently, and quite unconsciously, by millions of women. There has been no campaign, no consultation, no meetings. Married women as individuals have made a silent resolve—and the result is the most serious problem in present-day politics and economics.

In Fascist countries, particularly Germany and Italy, dictatorship has already taken vivid measures to arrest declining birth-rates—bachelors penalised by taxation, ballyhoo about large families wedding presents from Mussolini or Hitler.

Very soon the same sort of campaign, organised by religious, charitable and patriotic bodies, as well as by the Government and B.B.C., will be put across on you.

Probably you will respond to it with as little enthusiasm as have married people in Germany and Italy, where all dictatorship can do is temporarily to check—not halt—the sagging birth-rates.

Why? Ask any woman. She will tell you that motherhood is a dangerous, awful profession to-day, except for the comfortably off. Every woman wants children—not just one child. But fear and poverty have forced millions of women to turn their hunger for babies of their own into an almost hysterical fear of motherhood.

Take a woman living in our own depressed areas—at Jarrow, for example.

On the one hand she is called "selfish" because she says she will not bear a child to starve and deteriorate among derelict factories and slag heaps.

On the other hand, greybeard magistrates denounce her and her man as "profligate" for daring to marry and have a family on the "dole."

If in the misery of her daily round she can spare time to think, she asks, "Why must I breed sons for Britain, when Governments spend all their energy not in caring for them, but preparing to use them as cannon fodder? Why should I bear a baby to teach it to wear a gas-mask, in an underground bomb-proof shelter, as its first lesson after it learns to talk?"

Cabinet Ministers and bishops are making a sorry start already in this "more babies" campaign. They prophesy derelict farms and factories, empty schools, deserted villages, paralysed industry. They appeal—if you can call it "appeal"—to the women of Britain in terms of dividends and profits, not in terms of sturdy life and family happiness. They want more babies, not to make mothers glad, but to prevent landlords and shareholders from feeling sad!

Officialdom does not yet grasp that the mothers of Britain are the most exploited class in the land. Their strike against larger families is a fitting reply to the way in which Governments have exploited mother-love to selfish money-grubbing ends.

Mothers will always starve and deny themselves and not complain. So Governments have taken advantage of them in spending for war, skimping social services, cutting down benefits, penalising the poorest. Now, unwittingly, the mothers have turned.

When every mother and baby in the land can be as sturdy and happy as this pair—then will be time to talk of increasing the birth-rate

Because they cannot afford motherhood, or because their own mothers cannot afford to keep them at home, girls and women enter the labour market increasingly each year.

Directly the official "fill-the-cradles" drive is in full swing, a "patriotic" appeal will be made to herd them back to the home—to force them out of work into the job of early marriage, as whole-time wives and mothers.

We predict that such methods will fail. The women of Britain will keep up their "strike" until they feel that motherhood is made worth while again. How can this be done?

Never entirely, we fear, until our whole scale of values is altered, and human beings treasured more than the machines they serve, the profits they earn. But the problem can be tackled and greatly reduced by many valuable piecemeal remedies.

Fundamentally it all comes back to bad housing, insufficient food, unemployment, meagre social services, inequality of life and opportunity.

Give the women of Britain better houses as well as crèches and nursery schools where tired mothers can leave their children safely. Assure children proper diet and doctoring and education before starting life in an assured job—and then the mothers of Britain will quickly fill those empty cradles.

"All these things cannot be done at once!" cries the "practical" politician, and therefore makes no start to tackle any of them, but goes on piling up preparations for the "next war"—preparations to kill, not to make the way clear for more abundant life.

A "Better Britain"—assured of peace—must come first. Then plenty more babies will be born to enjoy it as their heritage For some reason Governments and their officialdom cannot grasp this very plain fact. They want more babies born to squalor and waste and futility and unemployment.

That is the way the official mind often works. That is why they are getting ready to ask you: Have you had another baby yet?

Straight From the Shoulder

UNHOLY MESS IN HOLY LAND

SIGNAL COMING FOR BIGGER REVOLT

BALDWIN'S WHITEHEADED BOY: INCOME TAX SPIES BUSY: NEGLECT IN SCHOOLS

W. S. Morrison, Baldwin's whiteheaded boy

MORE trouble ahead in Palestine—directly the Royal Commission, which arrives on Armistice Day to report on present discontent and insurrection, makes its report.

Smuggled Arms

The Arabs have not been disarmed. Rifles, machine-guns and some anti-aircraft guns are hidden in the caves of the Palestine hills.

Most of them came from Germany and Italy. Plenty more will be smuggled in during the six months' sullen lull before the Commission's report.

This cannot please Arabs, who want Jewish immigration ended, and nothing less will satisfy them, though it will make some concessions to them and so annoy Jewry all over the world.

Out To Shoot

Directly the report is out the Arabs will be out, too—out to shoot, out to kill all the British police, soldiery and officials they can find.

The recent trouble will be as nothing to the rebellion which Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner, must get ready to face.

Sir Arthur is an optimistic pacifist and sentimentalist. He remains the only man in Palestine who even hopes that the Royal Commission can solve his problems.

Red Tape Folly

Mention of Palestine reminds us that Mr. Duff Cooper, talking of the return of reservists from that country, piously hopes they'll find their jobs open to them.

If they don't, he hopes as piously that they'll find others.

Remembering what happened when the troops came home in 1918, we think he might exert himself to do something more than hope.

Anyhow, taking them from their jobs and sending them to Palestine was a stupid farce of red-tape.

Soldiers In Arms

Again, Duff Cooper's plan to train boys aged fourteen to eighteen for military "preparedness" in cadet corps won't detract any glory from Mussolini's army of eight-year-olds.

Why doesn't he go one better by training babes in arms?

Dead Act

In a densely populated country like Britain every scrap of arable land should be cultivated. That was the idea behind the Agricultural Land Utilisation Act of 1931.

But, unfortunately, it was left to the discretion of the Treasury to advance (or withhold) the necessary cash, and the Treasury is too grand to bother about mere food-producing schemes.

So the Act is dead.

Thistles

Meanwhile, along our arterial roads land ripe for development awaits the highest bidder, and in place of crops we see thistles.

Certain animals enjoy eating thistles, and they have much in common with their human opposites who have allowed the thistles to spread.

Knock-down Drinks

Lots of "pick-me-ups" sold by chemists in big towns just knock a man down.

Some of them contain 90 per cent. pure spirit, cost from 1s. to 10s. a time, are sold indiscriminately day or night. You can imagine the danger to a partly intoxicated man who asks for something to enable him to drive his car home.

If the authorities haven't heard about it before, they know now.

Poison Pen Mystery

The Worthing man who committed suicide the other day had received an anonymous poison pen postcard. Hardly a week elapses without a similar story being revealed.

For a long time the Home Office has been considering new regulations to tackle this ghastly, cowardly, fast-increasing terrorism.

Pity a few poison pen letters can't reach the Home Office to speed things up!

Swinton Must Still Go!

The patched-up peace between Lord Swinton and Lord Nuffield means nothing. Not a word in the White Paper or the Commons debate to refute our charges of gross incompetence and muddle at the Air Ministry!

Nuffield, given huge orders by Sir Thomas Inskip for tanks and Army tractors, can console himself with the reflection that, after all, he is able to do the country a great service.

And the lid is put back on the Air Ministry ashpit. That's all.

Police Round-up

Scotland Yard is preparing a big clean-up of the dirty bookshops. You may expect a whole crop of cases similar to the one in which two London booksellers were heavily fined last week for exhibiting obscene photographs for sale.

But shouldn't the offenders be disinfected as well as fined?

WE told you so about Leslie Hore-Belisha's promotion to the Cabinet. We tell you now not to believe all the stories you hear about his age.

Leslie is so coy that he won't let it appear in the reference books, but newspapers say he's thirty-eight. If that's true he must have started political life as a little boy. Actually, he's nearing the fifties.

And it's all nonsense about Walter Elliot's career being finished. He swaps the Ministry of Agriculture for the Scottish Office, and if he really tackles Scottish woes and evils he's got a big life job.

Besides, he's married to a most capable woman who comes from an intensely political family and who is notably ambitious for her husband.

Booked For No. 10

Mr. W. S. Morrison's promotion (he's the new Minister of Agriculture) is another proof that in spite of his grey hairs at forty-two he is still Baldwin's whiteheaded boy.

A capable and level-headed fellow, Morrison should do well.

Conservatives might do better with him as Premier after Neville than under Sam Hoare.

School Neglect

The Board of Education's report for 1935 reveals an amazing, scandalous state of affairs in the Schools Medical Service.

Thousands of children with bad teeth are not receiving attention simply because there aren't enough dentists to go round. Cripples are not getting proper treatment and children who should be attending open-air and nursery schools to counteract the ill-effects of slum life cannot attend them—because there aren't sufficient!

What a farce the plea for national fitness is when we don't begin at the beginning—with the children.

Tax Spies

Beware of talking about your home and income to strangers.

The Inland Revenue authorities are making big use of the Tax Informer system, under which the spy gets a share of the tax recovered as a result of his underhand methods of obtaining information.

That in itself is bad enough, but it is also leading to a new kind of blackmail, for the informer often threatens to report his victim to the tax authorities unless he pays for silence. And silence, in this case, is golden.

Youth Kept Out

Welsh iron and steel workers demand retirement on pension at sixty.

Spokesmen tell of a workless son who gets up at four each morning to see that his aged father doesn't miss the 'bus to his job, of worn-out veterans of seventy-five who arrive at work half an hour before time because they need a rest before starting.

Yet politicians still think it cheaper to pay "dole" to the young than to retire the old on adequate pension.

Home Win When?

The poor form of the Arsenal Club is worrying the football world. People are asking for an explanation: the sad truth must out.

Some of the best players of the Arsenal team are suffering as the result of the magnificent service they have rendered their club, and so the day when you could safely put Arsenal down as a home win is passing.

Bump, Bump

In football, as in boxing, injuries are cumulative. Footballer or boxer may get over it for the time being, but a succession of bumps over a long period is bound to slow him up.

It's getting around that Arsenal will seek young blood in the next few weeks. A wise move, and the only way to save their great tradition.

No Dummies

The High Court decision against the appeal of a Liverpool shopkeeper, who was convicted of selling dummy revolvers without a licence, places these so-called "safety" weapons in the same legal category as firearms.

And none too soon. Decent citizens don't need revolvers — not even dummy ones.

Cotton Crisis

If there's a strike in Lancashire's cotton mills blame the employers.

They say the industry can't afford to restore 1932's wage cuts. But cotton shares have risen 10 to 30 per cent.

They complain of Japanese starvation-wage competition. But British mill-owners paid bread-and-water wages long before the Japs took a hand in the game.

Bookies Do Care

There's a big increase in the number of women betting on racecourses. Rash, rich wives of business men are staking sometimes hundreds a day. One has lost £20,000 on the "Flat" this season.

Certain reputable bookmakers are refusing to take these big bets, limiting their women clients to £25 or £50 a time, fearing that husbands won't pay when it comes to the pinch.

And they say that bookies don't care!

Good For Business?

Some male attendants at mental hospitals rarely see their wives and families.

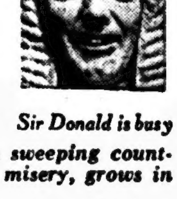
Staffs are so inadequate that after thirteen hours' night duty they have to sleep in the institution, so as to be available for emergency duty. Many of them, their union complains, are on duty for nineteen hours a day.

The idea, no doubt, is to produce more patients for the hospitals.

"Shocking A Town"

In a recent comment on the death of an old-age pensioner at Bishop Auckland we said that the Poor Law authorities sent a lorry to remove the body. We are informed that an undertaker sent for the lorry and that an enquiry has vindicated him. Glad to hear it!

SHARE-PUSHERS GO COY



Sir Donald is busy

THERE'S a big drive going on against share-pushers, and a bigger one coming.

Sir Donald Somervell, Attorney-General, and high officials of the Treasury and Public Prosecutor's Office are working out plans to dam the flood of dud shares. Flood is sweeping countless small investors into misery, grows in volume every week.

In the last few months, forty or fifty bogus firms in London have shut down, leaving clients the poorer by sums ranging from £100 to £12,000. Many have been robbed of their life savings.

Very recently eight firms have gone, including six which figured in JOHN BULL *warnings:*

Robert Murdock and Barr, Basinghall Street; W. Pilkington and Co., Great St. Helen's Place; Lloyd, Palmer and Co., New Broad Street; W. Robinson and Co., London Wall; Spencer, Bradley and Co., Gresham Street; V. H. Nash and Co., Walbrook; Jackson, Bruce and Co., King Street; General Produce Co., St. Paul's Churchyard.

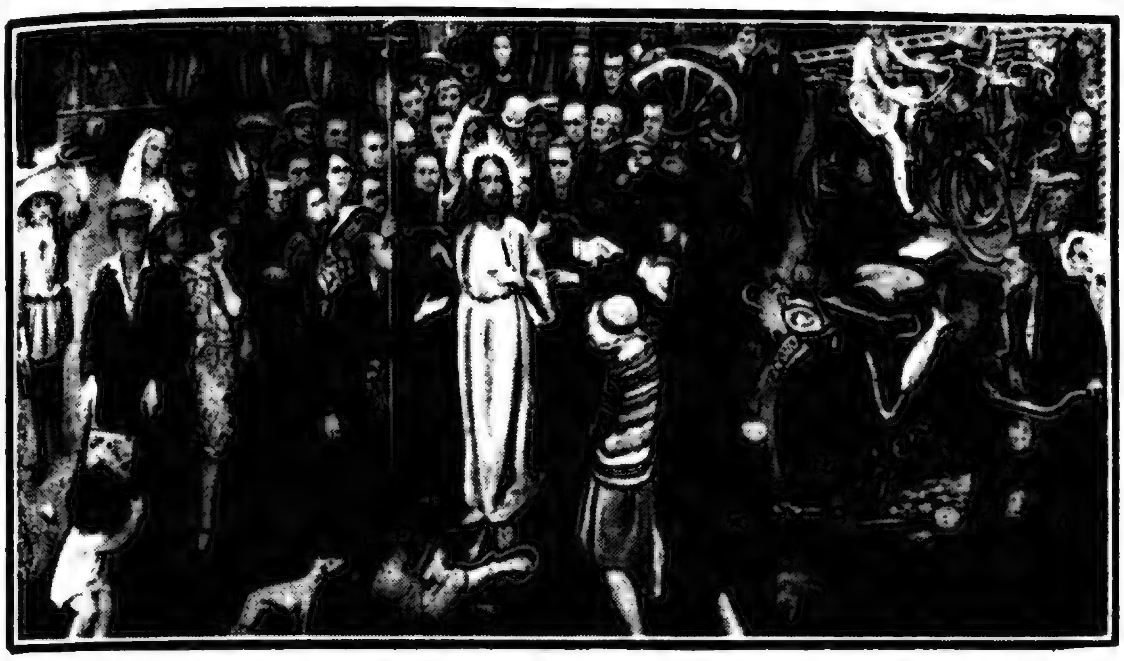
The proposed drive against the racketeers is long overdue. But when it is over, they'll start again. They can be stopped only by legislation.

Such legislation must order all brokers to be registered and their registration to be considered annually. Their accounts must be properly audited.

Before they start trading, they must enter into a fidelity bond for at least £10,000 against possible losses. It must be made a criminal offence to tout by post or 'phone. Shares in foreign or colonial companies must not be offered unless proper market quotations of the shares are clearly given.

If Sir Donald Somervell is determined to stop the evil, these are the lines on which he will have to work.

DEC



"MY LORD I MEET IN EVERY LONDON LANE AND STREET"
Jesus represented in a modern street, from Mr. Mark Symons' famous Academy picture

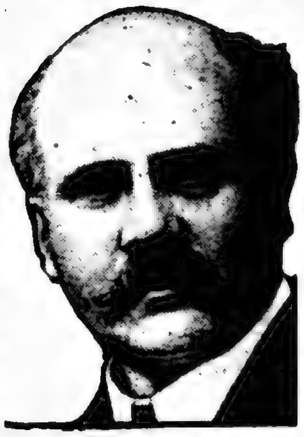
What Jesus Would Do To-day

By the Rev.
Dr. Charles M.
Sheldon,

who wrote

"IN HIS STEPS"

forty years ago. His book sold more than 20.000,000 copies right across the world. It gave his answer to the question, "What would Jesus do about it?" Here he answers the same question concerning to-day's problems.



WHAT would Jesus do if He were on earth, in this country, to-day?" It would be very easy to answer this question by saying, "We do not know what He would do," and then pick up our hats and walk out. For if we try to answer the question by saying we think we know some things He would do in the world's present unhappy state, it might lead to a charge of egotistic presumption on the part of anyone to pretend to know the mind of Him Who spake as never man spake, and is revered by countless millions as the greatest standard for human conduct that the world has ever known.

But it is on that account that, without irreverence or presumption, we have a right to ask what He would do, and have also a fair expectation of knowing what He would do if He were living now in Britain.

First of all, let us consider some facts about the world in which we now live as compared with the world into which Jesus was born. A short time ago I tried to put down on a letter-pad the number of things Jesus never saw which are a common, everyday part of our lives.

* * *

Jesus never saw a motor-car, or a moving picture; He never read a printed book or a daily paper; He never talked through a telephone or sent a telegram or listened to a radio.

He knew nothing about a railway train or an ocean liner; never saw a battleship like the one made by civilisation, or a bomb that would "kill a man in terrible agony within five hours." (Quotation from a trade journal advertisement printed by a munition firm during the World War.) Jesus never saw a reaper and binder, a tractor or an electric light.

How, then, someone may say, can anyone pretend to know what He might do in this complex world of ours?

The answer to that is the fact that people have not changed. And Jesus was interested in people. His main business was with human beings. I cannot find that He ever said a word about the Roman Government, except when He told His disciples to pay Cæsar what was due, and when he said to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world," when Pilate asked Him if He was a king like Cæsar.

It is on account of the fact, therefore, that the present world, although radically different in mechanical and physical ways from Jesus' world, is a world in which the people remain the same, that we can know what Jesus would do if He were here now.

As I understand the mind of Jesus, if He were here to-day, the main thing in which He would be interested would be the way people behaved.

I don't think He would be interested in political programmes or parties or economic legislation. But He would be tremendously interested in the folks who made up the parties and drafted the policies. And I cannot imagine He would keep still about conditions that are not right in any part of Britain's life, when those conditions are always made by people whose minds and hearts are not right.

The first thing Jesus would do as a public act would be to call a national conference of all church bodies (including Catholic and Protestant) for the purpose of talking over plans for a church union of all who call themselves by the Christian name. He would urge, with all the power He possessed, that all who are church members unite in one great church to be known as the "United Church of the World."

If Jesus were here to-day, He would call great conventions, nation-wide, to meet the young generation. Jesus Himself was young; He loved youth—and believed in it. And He would hold great numbers of group meetings with college students and discuss all questions that have to do with the greatest of all subjects—that is, human behaviour.

He would, I believe, find a wonderful response to His appeal to the young people to do all they could to end war. It is the young men who have died in all the wars of history. Young men never started a war. It is the old men who have started wars. Jesus would tell the young men to tell the old men who start wars to fight them; He would also appeal to every young ambition to live the right life in politics, business and society.

The churches of Britain ought to do something to put an end to war. What influence have they with the military men in Whitehall? No influence, apparently, since Parliament votes millions on millions to be spent on war preparations with only a pretence of debating the matter properly.

* * *

What would Jesus do about militarism? The bulk of the population of Britain does not want another war. But the soldiers and the munition fellows and those men who make a living off dead bodies of young men are all preparing for war. I believe if Jesus were here to-day He would flame out against these military-minded men and those munition men and the diplomats (who are nothing but lies in dress suits), just as He flamed out against the scribes and Pharisees in His own time. I can imagine Him walking into a munition plant, confronting the high-up officials, and telling them that they are enemies of Britain and killers of young men.

What would Jesus do to-day politically? I cannot picture Him as a partisan. But I am certain that His appeal would be to the people of all Parties. There are many Parties in Britain to-day, but one nation.

I had what might be called a waking vision the other night after listening to a radio talk on politics. I imagined a new Voice came into my study, one that I had never heard speak on politics before. And this Voice said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Then I said to myself, "That is the first real statesmanlike utterance I have heard from any political speaker; for that is the remedy for all the ills of civilisation."

Jesus is the world's greatest statesman. That statement was an economic statement. It dealt with things. If we are in a mess about tariffs, about unemployment and about the clash of contradictory items in political programmes, we can get out of it by first seeking the Kingdom of God, instead of the three things the political creed is seeking: Pelf, Pleasure, and Power.

The great statesman Jesus tells the human race to "love your enemies." That would put an end to war. But it takes a far higher form of courage to love an enemy than to shoot him. The great Statesman, if He were here, would say, "Love God and your neighbour." That statesmanship, if followed, would wipe poverty off the map, solve the problems of economics, and create heaven on earth.

During the war I was once speaking to Lloyd George. "The human race," he said, "is not yet grown up. We are still children."

Yes, the world since Jesus lived in Nazareth has done some wonderful things materially. It can make bombs that will "kill a man in terrible agony within five hours." It has mastered the electric current, has contrived a multitude of gadgets to add to the pampered ease of the body and give pleasure to the senses. But the world in which we live has not made a similar progress in behaviour.

* * *

The moral and spiritual progress of the human race has not kept pace with its mechanical inventions. And that, as I understand it, is the root of the present world crisis. We cannot have a better Britain until we have better men and women living in it. And we cannot have better citizens until they repent of their greed, their hate, their false patriotism, their indifference to religion.

And whatever else Jesus would do He would cry aloud to all politicians and money-lovers and pleasure-seekers and Godless humans in the Church and out of it: "Repent! Turn round! Go the right way!"

That is what Jesus would do. That is what Britain needs in the present crisis.

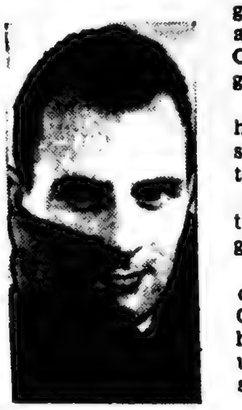
EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

WHISKY SMUGGLING RACKET EXPOSED

SYSTEMATIC smuggling is increasing. A few days ago, at a London Police Court, a man named Eric Gohrt was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for smuggling 35 cases of whisky.

Gohrt, backed by others, used two yachts, known as *Ours* and *Apache IV.*, and sailed them alternately between French ports and isolated parts of the English coast.

On one journey back to England engine trouble forced him to seek aid from a fisherman. On another occasion a member of the crew had a stroke at sea and had to be hurried ashore to hospital. But for these misadventures Gohrt would be smuggling still.



Eric Gohrt

He told the court that he smuggled "solely from a spirit of adventure." but this is untrue. We can unmask him as one of a large group of adventurers who have been making big money in this smuggling racket.

He has been living by his wits for years, and has constantly come under police notice. He has been in the dock on at least two previous occasions, once for fraudulently disposing of property which did not belong to him, and, more recently for larceny.

Not long before he embarked upon his smuggling trips he was trying to raise cash for a "Trade Tour" he proposed to conduct throughout the world.

Scotland Yard and the Customs authorities have sent picked officers to France and Belgium to confer with Continental officials, and complaints about the activities of professional smugglers have lately been dealt with by the police chiefs of Sussex, Kent, Cornwall, Essex, Norfolk, and Lancashire.

Only a few weeks ago the Chichester police visited shops, private residences, warehouses and certain hotels in search of information regarding various individuals known to be engaged in smuggling.

And at the Folkestone and Newhaven ports special patrols have been appointed.

Scotland Yard enquiries have revealed that there are several private syndicates at work which finance ex-convicts willing to risk arrest for smuggling.

Only a month or so ago a carefully planned scheme, in which three ex-convicts were to play the leading parts, was frustrated by the authorities, who acted promptly on information supplied by a man who gave away details he knew about the plot.

More is likely to be heard of this case in the near future.

Certain detectives recently visited Souchez, near Lens, in connection with a suspected "factory" there which provided English smugglers with their goods. It was discovered that a middle-aged woman acted as agent there for a Continental gang which specialised in getting contraband into England.

This woman had escaped, but her house was found to be stocked with stolen tobacco, cigars, spirits, etc., intended for this country.

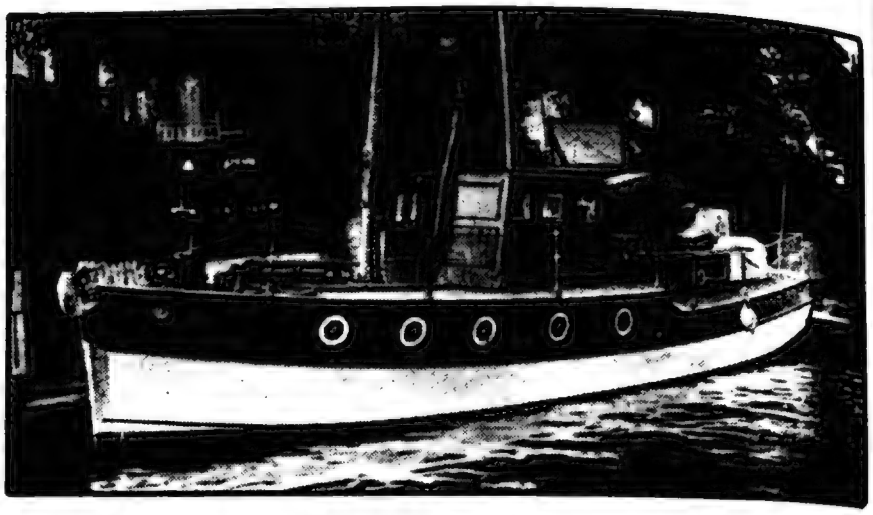
Enquiries by the same detectives led to the discovery, too, at Lille, of more goods likewise awaiting transit here.

Recent enquiries have brought under observation "warehouses" in London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Dover and Chichester which are used periodically as "dumps" for smuggled articles.

The task of the authorities in effectively tackling this menace is made all the more difficult because, in Britain's 5,000 miles of coastline there are hundreds of lonely stretches and isolated creeks which cannot be properly watched.

Every patrol at present has to guard more than 15 miles of coastline, and many of the most appropriate spots for safe and sure smuggling have roads which run right down to the water's edge.

Small wonder, then, that smuggling is increasing.



The yacht "Ours," one of the vessels used by Gohrt in his smuggling trips

English WITH Tears

TO become a first-rate speaker and a master of English is a simple matter according to the Collegiate Extension Society, of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London.

All that is necessary is for the ambitious to take up a course of instruction by correspondence with this society.

Would you have the magnetic appeal of Hitler or the virility of Mussolini? Then a study of the typewritten lessons should do the trick.

Canvassers of the society are at work in many parts of the country enrolling new students.

Having studied the lessons, our impression is that the subject-matter, apart from frills, could be obtained in text-books at a cost of a few shillings. But the society charges several guineas.

CANAL OF DEATH

ONE of the most sinister waterways in the kingdom is the subject of a monster petition that is being prepared in Cardiff for submission to the City Council.

It is the last mile of the Glamorgan Canal, near Cardiff Docks, which takes such a steady toll of child life that its very name strikes terror in the hearts of many mothers in the area around.

Despite the parental thrashings bestowed on youngsters who dare to go near it, the hourly injunctions that have almost become a domestic ritual, five children have been drowned in that short stretch this year.

And the tragedies of those five—a little boy of nine, and four toddlers between three and six years old—are typical of many dozens that have happened before.

Without a doubt, most of them would never have ventured near the water were it not for the fact that the children of this crowded dockland area are denied anything in the way of recreation ground or playing field.

JOHN BULL enquiries in the district show, however, that the peril is far greater than even these figures suggest.

In Harrowby Street, known locally as "the street of life-savers," live men and women who have rescued nearly 1,000 children from this nightmare mile. That despite the fact that it contains less than two score houses.

Six rescues a year is a common average for men in that street, and some have achieved five in a day. Life-saving certificates are very plentiful in Harrowby Street.

Mr. Hunt, the lock-keeper, has saved hundreds of children. Men whose duties have nothing to do with the waterway have passed the fifty mark. Mr. Lionel Watts—still in his 'teens—has a score of rescues to his credit.

Cardiff can be proud of these people, who, in saving precious lives, have also saved this murderous mile from acquiring an even worse reputation than it bears to-day. But that must be qualified.

Lionel Watts

Cardiff City Council must see to it that cheap economy does not stand in the way of ending the procession of tragedies.

The canal company is not to blame. The little victims were undoubtedly trespassers, and the company does all it can to keep trespassers away. But why do they trespass?

We suggest it is because this dockland area is the only big area in Cardiff without suitable open spaces for the children.

The thousands of Cardiff people who, by their petition, are urging the council to take action, should keep up the pressure until something is done.

TWO VANISHED SCAMPS

WHERE is Mr. Grahame, lately operating from offices in Oxford Street and Chancery Lane, London?

Where, too, is Mr. Manley, who was supposedly in business with Mr. Grahame at the same addresses?

Many people are asking these questions in vain.

Until recently the missing men operated under the style of "Grahame, Manley and Company."

They ran a queer scheme for gambling in foodstuffs. Their circulars told clients that if they invested their money they could make quick profits out of buying and selling transactions.

"Grahame, Manley and Company," for example, knew how to buy butter cheaply. It knew where to sell it at a profit. And "Mr. Grahame" and "Mr. Manley" were philanthropic enough to share their good fortune with investors who put their faith in them—and their butter-buying propositions.

Every investor had to become a "subscriber" to a "pool" system, and purchase a "unit" or multiples thereof. One man was so impressed with the ingenuity of the offer that he parted with—considering his means—a fairly substantial sum of money.

Confident in the integrity of "Grahame, Manley and Company" he sat back and waited for the specified period to end before he could receive his profit on the deal.

He waited in vain. When he wrote asking what had happened to the "pool" in which he had participated he was dismayed to receive no reply. Then came the startling discovery that the people behind "Grahame, Manley and Co." had vacated their offices without leaving word as to their future whereabouts—had melted away just like their own cheap butter!

So he went to the police. Hence the present enquiries about Mr. Grahame and Mr. Manley.

MYSTIC TO SHUN

A MYSTIC calling himself Robert de Bruce has set himself up in Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, London, as an exponent of the teachings of the ancients.

De Bruce claims to be the discoverer of a mystery of such magnitude and of such incalculable value to mankind that he is seeking subscriptions of twenty shillings from the public in order to exploit it.

He seeks to perpetuate the discovery and at the same time to incorporate the possibilities of "The Eye"—whatever that may mean—which he claims reveals the stories of "The Rites of Isis," "The Dove and Juno," and "Black Virgins and Gods."

He makes his appeal mainly to women, and he proposes to publish a series of books. The first payment of ten shillings according to his circulars is due—now.

He believes in a never-ceasing activity of the *psyche*, of which most people are quite unconscious. Those who may be curious to learn more can send three pounds in advance.

★ ★ ★

In the meantime, Robert de Bruce, a Paris-born American, who has crossed the Atlantic a good many times, and who gathers his followers around him at night, is reported to meditate in the morning for at least one hour.

We advise our readers to keep their money in their pockets, and to leave this mystic to his morning meditations.

● *Here are Two Scandals from Opposite Ends of the Country that demand the Immediate Attention of the Minister of Health . . .*

Estate of Scared Mothers

PARENTS in the Dane Valley district of Margate are up in arms because the local council has started turning a children's playing field into a rubbish dump.

Thirty householders, whose homes adjoin the tip, have signed a petition of protest to the Health Committee, but their alarm is shared by countless mothers whose children have been in the habit of playing there

The facts are certainly disquieting.

When the Margate Council first acquired the land for a new housing estate it was a pleasant cornfield.

Then, as tenants moved into the new houses, the authorities decided upon the splendid project of setting aside several acres for use as a playing field for children.

The idea was sound in every way. Mothers were delighted to know that their children could play in such healthy surroundings, near to their homes and safe from the traffic.

On certain days, too, football teams from various schools in the surrounding district would meet there, and the Dane Valley Playing Field was the greatest asset the town could provide for the children.

Now the same authorities who so thoughtfully provided this amenity have decided to turn it into a vile refuse dump!

There has been some discussion on the subject among the council, but this seems to have led nowhere.

As all kinds of refuse is being tipped in the playing fields daily, the menace to children who still play there in large numbers is ever growing.

Some councillors, at least, are alive to the scandal. "The refuse sent there is filthy and vile," declares Councillor Lester. "If the Council does not pay attention to the petition, the residents will go so far as to point out the danger to the Ministry of Health."

People who have bought houses adjoining the playing field have particular reason to complain, for the tip is so close that its stench is often carried to them on the breeze.

* * *

All that has been done so far by local authorities is to request the Parks Committee to refrain from depositing refuse there. This is a very small step in the right direction, for theirs is the least noxious of the rubbish complained of.

The scavengings of the town, as the chairman of the Parks Department, Alderman Noble, has pointed out, must be far more offensive than mown grass.

This is a scandal that calls for immediate and wholehearted action. Mothers are naturally apprehensive about letting their children go to play in a field that is daily growing more and more polluted.

Dane Valley Playing Field was town-planned for the benefit of local children; it should be preserved for them. If the Council fails to take satisfactory action residents will be fully justified in asking the Minister of Health to intervene.

And Now for the
WORST HOME IN BRITAIN

WITHIN a few miles of the splendour and beauty of the Lake District is the small Westmorland village of Kirkby Stephen, where housing conditions exist that are a disgrace to civilisation.

Consider the plight of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh and their seven children. Their house, which is better described as a hovel, consists of a living-room and two smaller ground-floor rooms, which are used as bedrooms.

One of the seven children has to sleep at its grandmother's, some distance away, but this does little to relieve the grievous overcrowding.

Sanitary conditions are deplorable. There is no water laid on at the house and the nearest supply is fully fifty yards distant.

There is no sink or place where washing can be done. There are no cupboards and household utensils are kept in a chest of drawers.

Worst of all, there is no lavatory accommodation of any kind.

That such appalling conditions should exist in twentieth-century England suggests that some local councils still think they are in the middle ages.

Recently, to add to the troubles of Mrs. Walsh, the local Education Authorities complained that she had kept one of her boys at home and would not allow him to go to school.

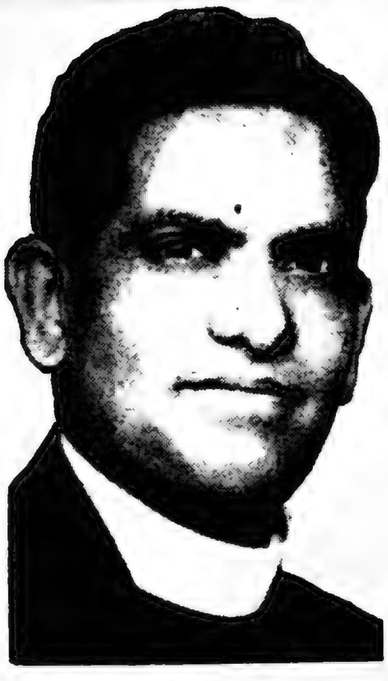
The harassed mother had kept the boy at home to look after the baby while she washed the family's clothes at the tap in the open street fifty yards away!

The Walsh family have done everything possible to obtain other accommodation, but without success. They have applied again and again for a council house, but each application has been turned down

For the moment it seems as if this family is condemned to live on indefinitely in their disgraceful hovel. Both the Sanitary Inspector and the Medical Officer of Health are aware of the conditions in which this family live, but no action is taken, though the house is officially "condemned."

An urgent responsibility rests with the local council to provide decent housing accommodation for this family. While such deplorable conditions are allowed to exist there is an obvious danger to the health of the whole community.

QUEER COLOURED PASTOR



The Rev. J. C. Ryan

AN extraordinary religious movement, which has a peculiar savour of finance about it, has been established in this country. Its founder is a coloured man who calls himself the "Reverend James Charles Ryan," and who is described in its printed appeals as "The Living God Messenger."

From Gray's Inn Road, London, he runs an Evangelical Missionary Society for "the 'Untouchables' of India."

During the past few months he has held meetings in London, Bristol, Deal, Barry and Swindon, where he and his assistants have collected funds.

He has announced lately that he has decided to write his "Life Story" for publication because he is finding an ever-increasing demand for it. He predicts that it will contain full details and instances of many miraculous deliverances, including the story of "my own unique conversion."

But—prophet that he is—the Rev. Ryan is not taking any chances.

In order to enable him to meet the expenses of the first edition (2,000 copies) and the printing costs, he would be grateful if "all those really and truly interested" would send him an order, together with 7s. 6d. for each copy!

Cheques must be made "payable to the Rev. J. C. Ryan, 149, Gray's Inn Road, London."

His real name is Chengalraryan Chittoor Pitlai, and before he blossomed forth with this Evangelical Missionary Society he was a clerk in the Registrar-General's office in Madras. He first came to England in April, 1932, and for a time passed as "Father Ryan."

He left in September of the same year and returned in September, 1934, since when he has been holding regular meetings in different parts.

He does not issue balance-sheets, but states that part of the funds he raises go out to Madras, while the remainder is expended here.

But he has not had it all his own way. A well-known Herne Bay resident, disliking his methods and growing suspicious about his status in the religious world, took steps to prevent him from holding meetings in the town.

One lady, attracted by his fervent oratory, has lodged a complaint, which reached Scotland Yard from a provincial station, to the effect that she gave a donation of £100 to the Evangelical Missionary Society, but later found cause to make a few enquiries about the proper status of the Rev. Ryan.

When he was officially interrogated about this, he admitted among other things that his real name was Chengalraryan Chittoor Pitlai.

Hardly pleasant this, surely, for "The Living God Messenger"?

'Ware Weeping Julia

MANY elderly men and women are bitterly regretting their encounters with an accomplished woman with numerous aliases, who is one of the most persistent adventuresses at large.

In the name of "Julia Mason" she stayed recently at a first-class South Coast hotel, and was soon on friendly terms with many of the guests. Posing as a woman of means, she cultivated the acquaintance of an elderly man—another guest at the hotel.

A clever conversationalist, "Mrs. Mason" spent a good deal of time in his company, and he was greatly disturbed one evening to find her in tears.

Presently she unfolded her tragic story. She had lost practically everything through a stupid investment gamble on the advice of men who had turned out to be crooks.

Playing upon his sympathy, she secured a two-figure loan to enable her to carry on. Now she is missing.

Many warrants are in existence for her arrest.

The new waterlogged estate in which Mrs. C. Turner is now stranded

LEEDS WIDOW'S DREADFUL ORDEAL

IN Leeds, the virtue of respect for old-age is impressed on the schoolchildren. It is time the Housing Department joined in the lesson.

Take the case of Mrs. C. Turner, seventy-six years old, a widow, stone deaf, a cripple from muscular rheumatism.

This poor old soul has spent the whole of her life in the Park Lane area of the city, now marked down for demolition.

She turned her eyes towards one of the new flatlets that are being built near the market. Near the offices, near the shops, it was going to be ideal for her.

And then arrived an intimation that told her she was going to have no choice in the matter. She had got to move to the new Sandford Estate at Kirkstall, to a house a mile distant from the nearest shops and approached by unmade roads over which her poor old legs could not carry her in safety for ten yards.

And for that she has got to pay an extra 1s. 3d. a week. Worse was to follow.

They called for the poor woman's worldly effects at seven in the morning, which meant she had to be up all night preparing for the first long-distance removal of her lifetime.

And the only conveyance they could offer her—a crippled septuagenarian who is unable to enter a tram or a 'bus—was a lift in the removal van.

But for the kindness of neighbours who go to those distant shops to make her purchases, she might well starve.

They cannot go, however, for her old-age pension—her sole means of support.

Leeds might well give one good practical example to the children whom it wants to grow up respecting old age.

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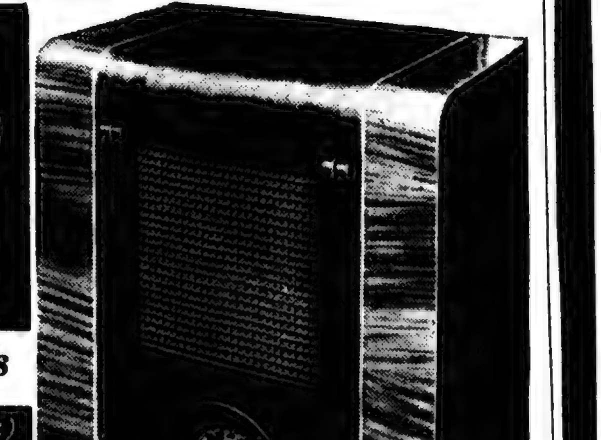

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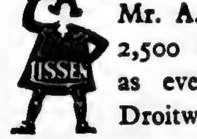
D.E.D.T.,
Braishfield,
Near Romsey.

"... MORE THAN SATISFIED" "With reference to the set itself may I say I am more than satisfied with its performance. On the way out here to Madeira I have enjoyed perfect reception without interference from all the British transmitters. The German and American stations also at more than comfortable speaker strength."
H.C., Wireless Operator,
S.S. Otterpool



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CANDID Communications

RATS TO YOU, KINGSLEY

Unmarried Mother Ban—Her Ladyship Loses—Orphan Slaves

Housing Estate Washout

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY WOOD,—This, as you may know, is Rat Week. Time, isn't it, for you to do some rat-catching yourself?

If you want your cue, just read what happens at Walsall, in the Black Country.

Fifty-three men, women and children live there in one twelve-roomed house. With them—on them—lives a multitude of rats.

There is no gas or electricity in the house, only oil lamps. There are, however, broken windows and holes in the ceilings to let in the rain. The only other water supply comes from a tap in the yard. Each room is let off separately, at weekly rents varying from 6s. to 10s. In all, the landlord, a local greengrocer, draws £4 3s. 6d. a week from this Black Country black hole.

But he makes no charge for the excitements provided by the rats.

All this came out when a twelve-year-old boy living in the house was charged with stone-throwing.

The magistrates sent him to a remand home. But the boy's mother, stepfather, his four brothers and sisters (and two cats) go on living in one room in that house. They have a second room, but cannot use it because of vermin.

"God knows what we'd do without the cats," says the boy's stepfather. "They never catch less than three rats in our room at night."

One night a rat and a cat fought on the body of one of the sleeping children, a boy of four. His left eye is swollen and his face badly marked as a result. Well, Sir Kingsley, you have no children. If you had, would you care for them to eat, play and sleep in such conditions?

* * *

You may say that this particular tenement is being dealt with under your slum-clearance scheme. It is. The property of which it forms a part was brought to your notice last March. In July you held an enquiry. Not until last week did you give permission to the Walsall Corporation to rehouse the tenants.

Now, the law ordains, a further seventy days must elapse before the corporation can really take action.

You tell us, again and again, that the utmost speed is being shown in such matters. The utmost speed of a tortoise?

Frankly, I am tired of your assurances. For all that has been done, I know there are still hundreds of thousands of rat-infested, insanitary hovels which destroy the health and self-respect of the occupants, but swell the pockets of the owners.

So much for the towns. As for the country, it was reported in 1913 that rural Britain needed 120,000 cottages. In the twenty-three years since then 20,000 have been provided.

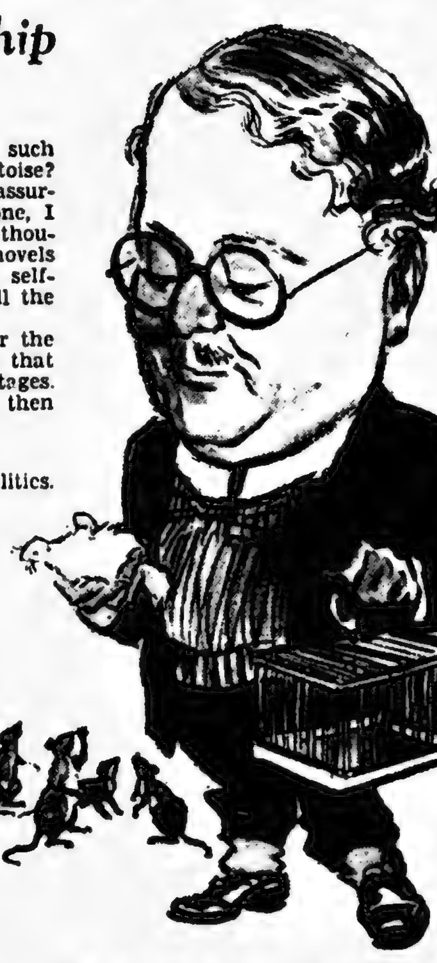
* * *

I am not belittling your capabilities. You are certainly one of best men in our present motley assortment of Ministers.

But you will have to show a good deal more energy and make more use of your brains before we can be lulled to sleep by the smug hot-air so plentifully produced by your Department.

It is not enough to twist the slum rat's tail. We expect you to exterminate the rats; to provide decent houses where they will be unknown, and where families can dwell in comfort at a price they can afford to pay.

JOHN BULL.



Slum rats laugh at ratcatcher Kingsley

Alderman J. CRANE,
Salford City Council

DEAR MR. CRANE,—I support you in your exposure of the shameful case of an unmarried mother barred from sending her little boy to a Salford Nursery School.

This inhuman ban, which makes an innocent child suffer for being born demands, as you say, immediate investigation.

JOHN BULL.

Lady BEATRICE MARY DAVISON,
Chelsea Park Gardens, S.W.

DEAR LADY BEATRICE,—You thought that you could turn your two servant girls into the street at 10 o'clock at night—and get away with it.

I am glad they had the good sense to sue you for the month's money that was their due. Perhaps you realise now that even Lady Beatrice has to toe the line, even if they were found to be incompetent. JOHN BULL.

Alderman CHUTER EDE, M.P.,
Surrey

DEAR MR. EDE,—For six months the Surrey Public Assistance Committee has been investigating allegations that all the orphan children in its homes have to do housework, that some are so overworked that they have no playtime.

Now you've discovered that the county council's own by-laws are being broken by starting the youngsters at work as early as six in the morning. So it has been decided to relieve them by employing women.

But who was responsible? Aren't you going to see that his knuckles are soundly rapped?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. CASSWELL,
Goring-on-Sea

DEAR MADAM,—I am amazed to see that an injunction prevents you from hanging washing in your own garden on Sundays, or after 2 p.m. on four other days. The Sussex County Court Judge, however, has left you the first two days of the week. Mondays and Tuesdays, apparently, are always fine.

But you are not alone in this. Hundreds of housewives are hampered by the "washing ban" imposed on new housing estates. Because, like you, they cannot afford the luxury of a laundry, they are denied the very freedom of their own backyards. JOHN BULL.

Mlle. LILY PONS,
Opera and Film Star

DEAR LILY PONS,—Most international stars stage a series of "farewell world tours" before they really tear themselves away from a life of song.

I see you are talking of "retiring" at thirty, to live on a farm and marry.

Isn't it a bit early to start? Sing on until you are sixty. Then make some dozen "last appearances" to round off your career. You sing far too well to fade out now, leaving only your gramophone records behind.

JOHN BULL.

FRED SMITH,
Somerset Miners' Agent

DEAR FRED,—In 1925 twelve Somerset miners were X-rayed, pronounced free of silicosis. Since then ten of them have died of the disease.

Such was the grim story you unfolded at the inquest on the latest victim. It needed telling, for we shall have to shock the nation into providing proper safeguards against men's lungs turning to stone while they work in the bowels of the earth for less than £3 a week.

JOHN BULL.

PERCY M. BLOMFIELD,
Stockport Town Hall

DEAR SIR,—I should like to know why you sent an order to a Mr. Bennett asking him to abate the "nuisance" of keeping pigeons in an enclosed yard. There had been no previous complaint and you didn't even warn him.

I hope that the National Homing Union takes up the case, because you ought to know that High Court decisions have established time and again that to keep racing pigeons is not in itself a nuisance.

Anyway, why be a spoil-sport?

JOHN BULL.

SAMUEL BERKOWSKI,
Paisley

SAMUEL,—If other grafters are scared what has befallen you, you'll prove a public blessing in disguise.

Caught speeding near Glasgow, you offered one constable a glass of whisky and 10s., promised another policeman a gold ring for his wife if the charge were suppressed. Result—£50 fine for attempted bribery.

So remember, you can't do that there 'ere! JOHN BULL.

P.-Serg. CLIFFORD MEDDLER,
Newcastle

DEAR SERGEANT,—I expect you were surprised when £175 damages were awarded against you for the wrongful imprisonment and slander of Mr. Shield. I wasn't.

You arrested him for looking at courting couples, but the Judge quite rightly pointed out that there was nothing wrong in that.

Now you know! JOHN BULL.

Yoicks and All That

By a Very Special Investigator

"TA-A-A-L-LY HO!" I gargled politely, presenting myself at the entrance to Mr. Reynard's bijou burrow in West Kent.

"Tally frightfully ho!" he affably conceded, pushing away the remains of his repast and extricating a moiety of rabbit from his whiskers.

"I am," I told him, "a newshound—"

"A what?' His tail bristled at the mention of hound.

"I meantersay—er—a cub reporter. As you have probably seen, several well-known humans have ushered in the tantivy season by saying a mouthful or two in defence of fox-huntin', and our readers would now like to hear the views of a well-known fox.

"F'rinstance, Mr Duff Cooper gives it as his considered opinion that fox-hunting is the most artistic way of doing an unpleasant thing—that is to say, getting rid of the likes of you."

"If the Pink Shirts really want to get rid of me,' announced Mr. Reynard, "they set about it in a dashed roundabout way. Vermin they call us—rats—foxes—fleas—we are all vermin and looked down upon by politicians and their like, though I'm danged if I know why! But if your Mr. Duff whosthis found a flea in his bedclothes——"

I made mezzo-soprano noises indicative of shocked incredulity.

"Well, if he did, I reckon he'd find a quicker and less artistic way of getting rid of it than by yelling 'Yoicks!' and inviting his neighbours to chivvy it round the squares of Bloomsbury.

"Fox and cub, for four seasons come St Polycarp's Day, I've been reckoned Public Enemy No. 1 in this part of the world, but three thousand quids' worth of horses and hounds haven't managed to put an artistic end to me."

I coughed. "Then there is—er—the Countess of Oxford."

"There always is!" he agreed mournfully. "What about her?"

"She has been defending fox-hunting as a sport. Says that the fox has an excellent chance of getting away and its pursuers 'a capital chance of getting killed,' which, of course—well, I meantersay, it proves it, doesn't it?"

"Known many hunters who've been torn to pieces by foxes?"

"She doesn't mean that exactly. But they take risks—you know, saddle-sores, chafing, ingrowing thirst and so forth. Rather sporting of them, don't you think?"

"Sez you!"

"I gather, you can't O.K. her ladyship's scenario?"

He turned to his spouse, who had managed to transform what had once been a perfectly good hen into something that looked like Yokohama after a brace of earthquakes. "Seems kinder selfish, doesn't it, m'dear?" he remarked; "us having all the fun while they run the risks? Be more sporting if at every second meet the positions were upended—you know, lady into fox."

"You must not think that Lady Oxford is a callous woman," I told him sternly. "She is strongly opposed to cruelty and has been vigorously protesting against the clubbing of rabbits"

"I'm with her there!" exclaimed Mr. Reynard, the light of battle flaming in his eye—in fact, in both eyes—until he took on a strange resemblance to a colonel of my acquaintance. "By gad, sir! Clubbing rabbits is downright brutality! They should be given a run for their money and finished off artistically.

"You can take it from me, the rabbit enjoys the chase as much as we do. No fox hates cruelty more than I, but—yoi-yoi-YOICKS!"—and he flashed past me, a furry face having shown itself incautiously at the entrance to the dug-out

I felt definitely glad that I was merely a golfing rabbit.

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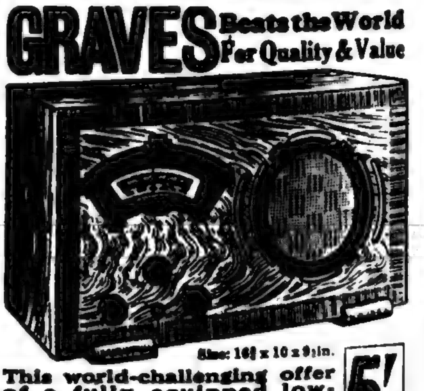

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November 1936 The King this Week

By JOHN DRINKWATER

The NEW Edward the Peacemaker

To honour the memory of those who lost their lives in service—a service in which he himself took part—is for the King an act of deep and personal devotion

THE King on Wednesday is to take his place at the Whitehall Cenotaph at the head of his people in mourning the nation's war-dead.

In this he will be following the example of his father, who for sixteen years, from the dedication of the Cenotaph to the time of his death, never failed to attend the memorial ceremony unless prevented by illness. The King will follow the same example in wearing military uniform.

The King's concern for disabled survivors of the war is well known. There are, indeed, few among his subjects in whom this concern is so constantly active.

Similarly, to honour the memory of those who lost their lives in service, a service in which he himself took part, is for him an act of deep and personal devotion. Nor is there any remote formality in his tenderness for those for whom the bereavement of those tragic days is still fresh.

Nevertheless, in his attitude to this whole question, the King preserves a balance of mind that may well be an example to all of us.

It is entirely characteristic of the man in its sanity. Honour for the dead, care for the men who are living yet lost a great part of life, and such consolation as sympathy can bring for many who in losing their loved ones seemed to lose more than life itself, these are articles of an enduring faith for him.

But with this genuine piety goes as genuine a determination to oppose the principle of war that was the origin of all the heroism and suffering that we honour and lament, and a corresponding disinclination to perpetuate the merely martial aspects of a national epic.

That the Armistice Day ceremony at the Cenotaph is deeply impressive no one can doubt. But, as the years go by, this annual act of remembrance will have to be increasingly modified. A simple and specifically civilian commemoration seems indicated, and I believe that such a change, when it comes, will be proposed by the King himself.

* * *

In the meantime, I may say that the suggestion made in these notes a few weeks ago that units of the Fighting Forces should on this occasion not wear arms has met with wide approval among the readers of **John Bull**.

The letter which I quoted the other day from an ex-soldier is but one of many, and the reception of the idea is, I believe, an indication of the way in which public sentiment is moving.

I must add that in these observations I intend no criticism of the way in which the Armistice observances are now organised by the authorities. This, for present purposes, is well enough, and the King shares the view that the time for change is not just yet.

But he recognises that it will come in the not very far future, and I understand that he has already had some tentative discussions on the subject with his Ministers.

Last year the Queen watched the Armistice parade from the windows of the Home Office. I am told that Her Majesty does not intend to do so this year.

Although Court Mourning is now ended, the Queen herself is not likely to make any official public appearance until at least a year after King George's death.

The other ladies of the Royal Family expect to attend the ceremony, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose may be looked for at the window with their mother.

The King's passion for peace, and it is no less, is forming a background to most of his thought. At the Cenotaph will be a prophet from whose mind his mission is never absent.

The King's grandfather, King Edward the Seventh, was known as "The Peacemaker." His diplomatic efforts were not wholly successful, but he moved in a difficult Europe hidebound by the stiff traditions of older monarchies. But the Franco-British Entente was as much made by him, on the British side, as by the late Lord Lansdowne.

Our King has inherited his grandfather's European sense, and he has far greater opportunities of making it effective. I said at the time that his unofficial diplomacy on his holiday cruise in the Near East was as potential for good as it was unexampled in character.

The King approached his Royal and Republican hosts on a footing that had never before been possible for so exalted a personage, and now I hear that he is considering the question of extending this new influence in even more important directions.

* * *

By his office the King is outside politics, and the disputes of Parties have no personal attraction for him. He is, in consequence, able to regard the supreme questions of peace and international stability with a mind that is experienced, flexible, and exceptionally privileged.

With an unusual inside knowledge of the vast organism of Europe, he is able to see it all with an intimate authority and a detachment that are rarely possible to one mind.

I doubt, indeed, whether they have ever been so remarkably found in conjunction before. It is a glorious opportunity, and the King is the man to take it.

In talking to his advisers lately, the King has been able to indicate good results that have already come of his Mediterranean talks, and I understand that visits to some of the greater Powers have been mentioned.

The King, I believe, would particularly welcome an opportunity of making personal contact in those countries where our relations are most involved for future good or ill.

It would not surprise me if after the Coronation Ministerial advice were to come round to the King's way of thinking, and if in Paris, Berlin and Rome the diplomatic atmosphere were rendered less tense by the welcome presence of a British King bearing with him nothing but good will and understanding.

* * *

Moreover, although no official consideration of the matter has yet been taken, everyone remembers the general invitation issued by President Roosevelt in his Canadian speech some time ago.

There is no doubt that, if circumstances permit, the King after his Coronation will wish to make a tour of the Dominions, and in that event I think it likely that a visit to Washington might be arranged.

It would be of historic interest, no reigning British King having been to the United States since their secession from the Mother Country under the King's great-great-great-grandfather, George III.

It would be more than that. It would have an immense effect in strengthening ties of incalculable importance to the security of the world.

It is interesting, by the way, to recall how closely King Edward the Seventh as a young man also resembled his grandson in personal appearance.

In the Examination Schools at Oxford there is a familiar portrait by or after Winterhalter, showing the older King as Prince of Wales when he was studying at the University under the eye of special tutors.

At a glance it might easily be mistaken for our King as he now is, apart from the slight fair side-whiskers. The grandfather's build is stockier, but the likeness in feature, notably in the eyes, is remarkable.

* * *

It was in conversation with Sir Samuel Hoare while the Minister was at Sandringham that the King decided to pay a visit of inspection to the Fleet.

The account given by the First Lord of the present spirit and efficiency in the Navy was so enthusiastic that the King once more determined to see for himself.

It is not to be a full-dress review—which will be one of the Coronation events.

The King wants to go quietly through the different divisions, seeing the work in its daily routine.

He intends to fly to Portsmouth, where he will join the Royal yacht, proceeding then to Portland, where the Home Fleet will have assembled.

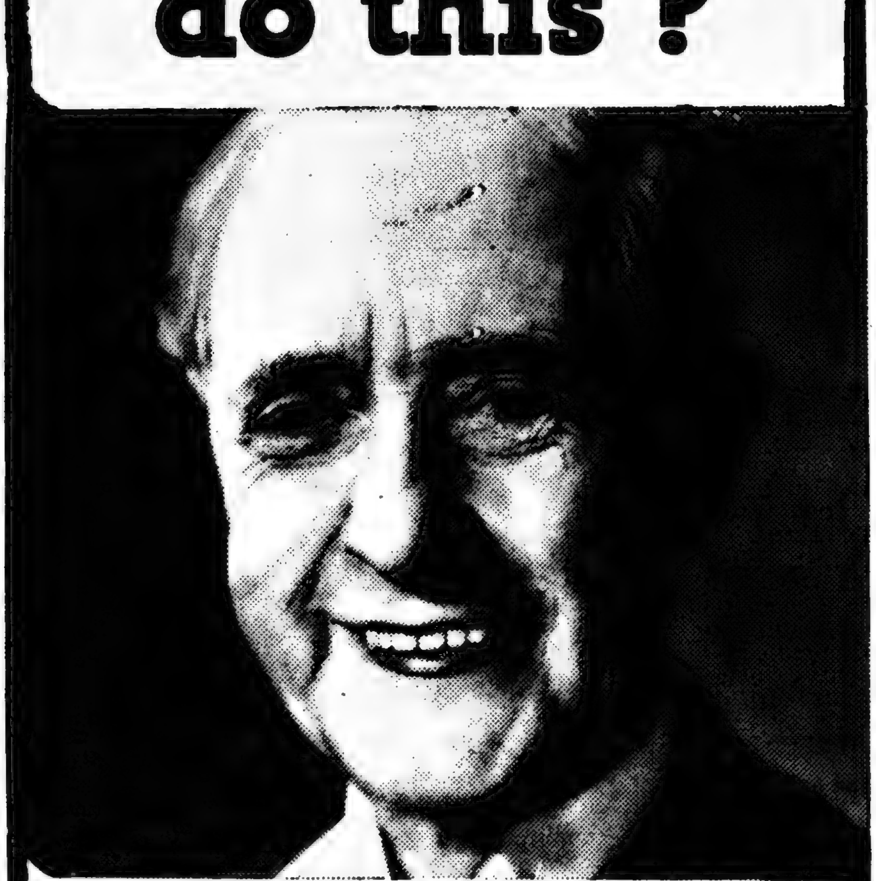
I hear a pleasant story of the King's consideration for his servants. In his recent reorganisation of the Royal residences he found that recreational facilities for the staff were inadequate, and at once gave orders that this should be remedied.

In each establishment a special lounge is to be provided, with radio, gramophones, and plenty of easy-chairs.

The King believes in spare-time comfort, even to the point of luxury, for people who work hard, and it is a sound economical rule.

In these rooms, too, distinctions of rank are to be dropped. The upper and lower servants have separate dining-rooms, but in recreation Jack is to be as good as his master.

Can YOU do this?



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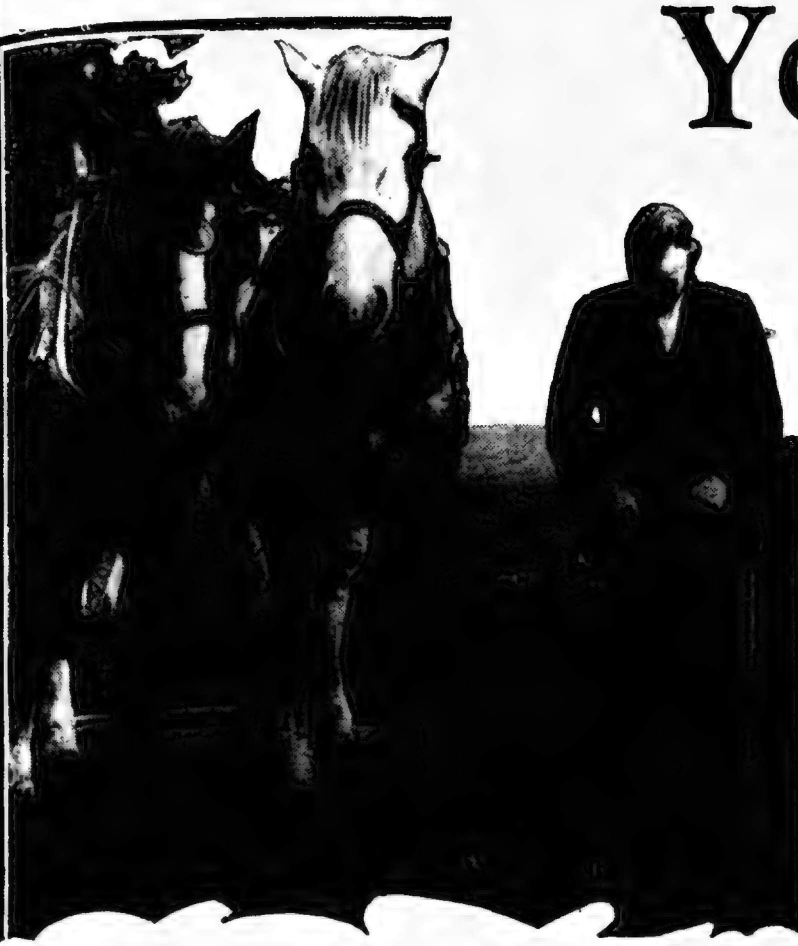
YOU AND I and THAT NEXT WAR



He keeps the Two Minutes Silence, but what can he do about War and Peace?

By Hannen Swaffer

ANOTHER Armistice Day is almost here.

For nearly twenty years now, a Bishop has led, at the Cenotaph, the singing of the words:

"Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure,"

with rifles and bayonets and soldiers and sailors all standing around. . . .

In every town and in every village, on November 11, the same hymn is always sung. And yet, in spite of it all, the world is asking, *"When will the next war start?"*

The high hopes of 1919 and the splendid promise of 1924 have now given way to despair. The world has been kept safe for Autocracy—Fascism and Nazidom. Lands have been made fit for Neros—Mussolini, Hitler and political gangsters generally.

We're All In It

NOW what can you and I do about it? How can we stop another war? Is there a way? Or can we merely sit in our private dug-out, waiting with one gas-mask to put on the cat, another for the dog, and a smaller one for the canary?

Obviously, it is the duty of us all to work for peace. Manifestly, it is our job to try to stop another war. The next, we are warned, will drive us back to barbarism, destroy everything.

But what can we do?

Viscount Cecil, one of the most persistent idealists of post-war history, still urges us to work for the League and Collective Security.

But the League has lost its power. Its authority has gone. The Beaverbrooks and Rothermeres mocked at it. The present Government betrayed it. Anglo-Indians, peppery colonels, quarter-deck admirals, have always loathed it. Collective Security is now a farce.

Mussolini, boss of a country which, a few years ago, every Tory in Britain despised, boasted on the air, the other night, how he had beaten the League all by himself. Hitler marched proudly away from Geneva shouting, "Heil, Hitler!" at his own shadow.

It is no good kidding ourselves. The League has been wrecked. The Peace Ballot failed to do anything more than teach Baldwin's Government a new election trick.

"How, then, can Peace come through the League?" Every man in the street asks that question.

"Disarm altogether," advised George Lansbury, Dick Sheppard and the out-and-out Pacifists, so numerous that there are nearly 1,000 of them who are Methodist ministers. Many ex-soldiers are Pacifists. They object to their sons taking, again for no purpose, the risks they took in vain during four murderous, bloody years.

But will just doing nothing do any good?

Lesson of Spain

FOREIGN airmen, engaged in bombing from overhead, would not care whether the people underneath them were armed or not. They wouldn't know, because they couldn't see far enough. They would wipe them out, sheep and goats and all.

Besides, isn't the experience of Spain a warning that if you allow Tyranny to crush incipient Liberty, you will have to start all over again one day—martyrs, Jack Cades, Wat Tylers, Chartists, Bradlaughs, Wycliffes, John Burnses?

Should we let gangster nations like Germany and Italy grab all they wish? Must not Bullydom be opposed? If so, should not the police also be disbanded?

No, Pacifism is not the remedy.

Then there are the people like Duff Cooper, Hailsham and Sam Hoare, who, quite sincerely, believe that piling up armaments will prevent war. They are all three professing Christians, just as are Lansbury and Sheppard.

Yet, while they sing "Sufficient is Thine arm alone," which Lansbury and Sheppard really mean, they rush us into an arms race to which we can see no end.

"Is that really the way out?" the man-in-the-street asks. And so do I. It didn't stop war in 1914. It made it more certain.

For a long time I have held the view that the only way to peace is a sharing of the world's economic resources, an open access to markets, a repartition of territory. This, anyway, would relieve international tension.

But, if Germany got her colonies back—and Goering now boasts on the air that she is going to get them, anyway—would that satisfy her ambitions? Has Mussolini's conquest over unarmed blacks in Abyssinia satisfied his lust for conquest?

Is the invasion of Manchuria all that was planned by Japan, which, like Italy and Germany, is piling up arms, hour after hour.

No, the truth is that Japan dreams of a great Asiatic Empire, with India as the crown of her ambition.

So, if we are to arm logically, you see, we must build one fleet big enough to fight Japan in the Far East, a second strong enough to keep Malta and Gibraltar safe from Mussolini, and a third powerful enough to protect us from Hitler in the North Sea.

"Isolation," says Beaverbrook. Does he realise its cost?

"Britain and the United States together can control the world," says another group.

Is that true? Besides, there are more Pacifists in the United States than there are in Britain. Americans are heartily sick of world politics. They have got at least 10,000,000 unemployed. That is their concern. They consider that they were tricked into taking part in the last war.

Anglo-American feeling is better now than it ever was—but it would disappear immediately if we asked the Americans to do anything.

Back to Geneva

NO, arming is not the way out. Nor, at present, can anyone offer terms to dictators already drunk with power.

As I see it, our only chance lies in Hitler and Mussolini suddenly deciding to eat each other.

Besides, the pooling of world resources means Britain's giving up all its old ideas of Empire, leaving off wearing its old school ties, reversing all the teaching of Eton and Harrow and Rugby. Could that happen?

Now, I am just a man-in-the-street, like you. I hear all the conflicting views and, although I know that in the long end we shall have to get back to Geneva, either next year or in the next century, or in a million years' time, and that a bold facing up to all the facts is the only way out, I also know that that cannot happen while the world is run as it is to-day.

The Cenotaph was unveiled when the sun of World Peace seemed to be rising in the skies.

It was a false dawn. The red we saw on the horizon was not sunshine, but blood. . . .

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JUST A HUMAN STORY

Village that Never Lost Hope

THIS is the epic of a village that never lost hope. . . .

It lies in an eye-aching landscape near Bridgend, in mid-Glamorgan. One hundred miners, their wives, children, mothers, make up its population.

Until recently, every man worked at one colliery. That meant that when the pit was busy everybody was happy, well-fed, unashamed at meeting the grocer and baker.

But it meant also that when business was bad there was steady deterioration in every street, every home and every heart.

Then, one day, the colliery closed down for ever. That seemed to be the end of the world.

Crusts became treasures of the pantry. Clothes all but wore away. The sound of children's laughter became a rare joy as the ever-worsening condition of their boots demanded that they should be kept more and more indoors.

Months went by. Then women who looked into the faces of their men saw something that frightened them. There was that goaded look. It always unnerves a woman.

* * *

Oh, there were suggestions in plenty. One was for mass emigration to England. It was loudly acclaimed—yet within an hour they knew it to be impossible.

There was another. That terrified the women. They saw their men go away one day in a body, a look of terrible determination in their faces. They trusted them—yet a woman is bound to worry.

Over the hills they went, searching this way and that. And then, at last, they came to a pit—and such a pit.

Long before any one of them was born it had been abandoned as worked out, which means, in plain coal-mining economics, that any coal that is left will cost more to get up than it will fetch on the market. It was a good dump for rubbish. Somebody had found that out already. But as a coal mine . . .

* * *

They sat down and did some simple sums A little power engine would take their entire unemployment benefit for months. A proper plant would take it for eighty years.

Only one thing for it—primitive mining, with every operation depending on men's backs and muscles.

And so they started—bereft of everything except iron determination: bereft even of the necessary muscle for such work, at first. . . .

No, they have not become millionaires. It is unlikely that any one of them will die rich. It is unlikely that the Village that Never Lost Hope will ever own a motor-car.

But there are Sunday clothes for the kids again, and boots strong enough for games on the hillsides. There is good, plain, body-building food in the pantries. There are gramophones, wireless sets. The tradesman is welcome at every door. Nobody hides while he knocks in vain.

Who sneers at that would sneer at Paradise.

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MORE MEN USED PALMOLIVE THIS MORNING THAN ANY OTHER SHAVING CREAM

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"He said I was just a hanger-on"

"I'VE worked for nineteen years in a big organisation. When I started there as a young fellow, I was full of 'go.'

"Then, two or three years ago, I somehow went tired and stale. I got into a rut, and worked mechanically. One day I heard a chap in the office say, 'Oh, him—he's just hanging on for a pension.'

"Then, last winter, I felt so fagged that my wife decided I needed a tonic, and got some Hall's Wine.

Amazing improvement

"I've never known a tonic work so quickly—literally in a few seconds I felt stronger and brighter. I started taking it three times a day, and the improvement was amazing. Nowadays I can put all I've got into my job. And in the evenings my wife says I'm just like my old self again."—*Mr. R. A., Norwood.*

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When you feel tired, run-down, "nervy" or depressed, it's nearly always a sign that your blood and nerve-cells are starved and weakened. They need a tonic to build them up again.

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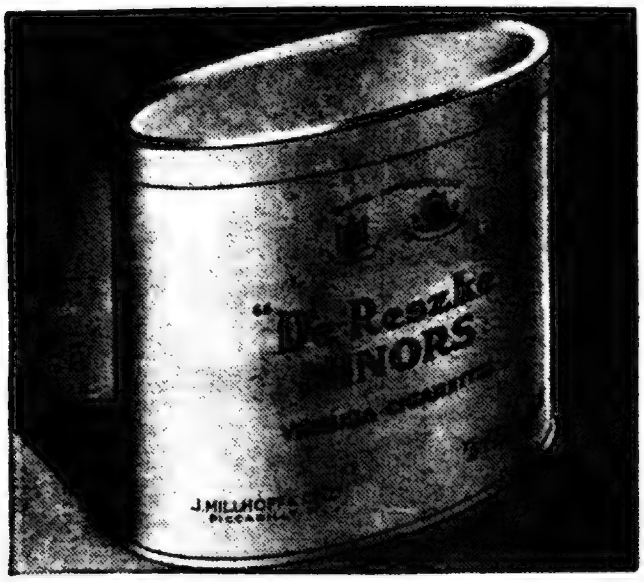

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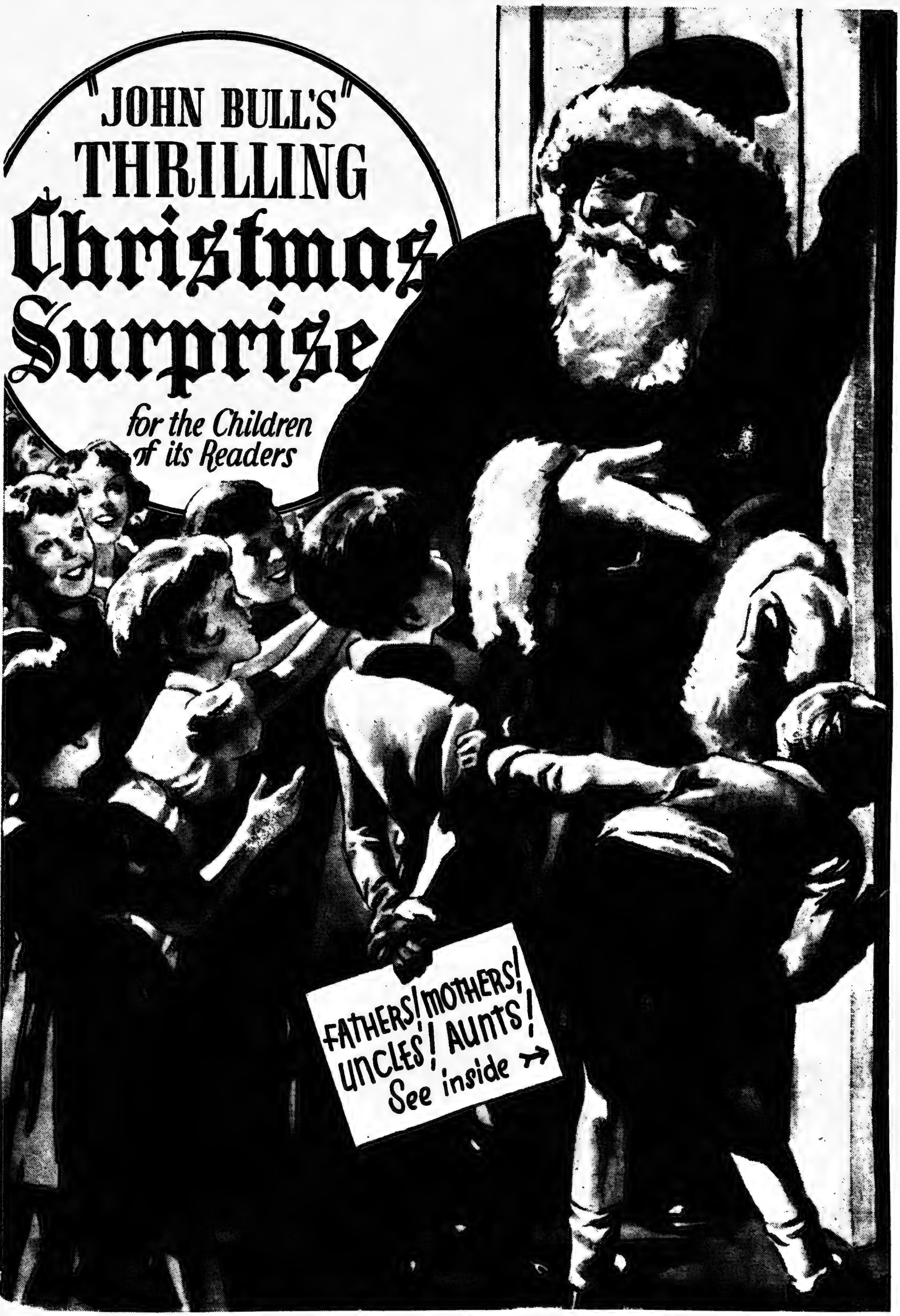
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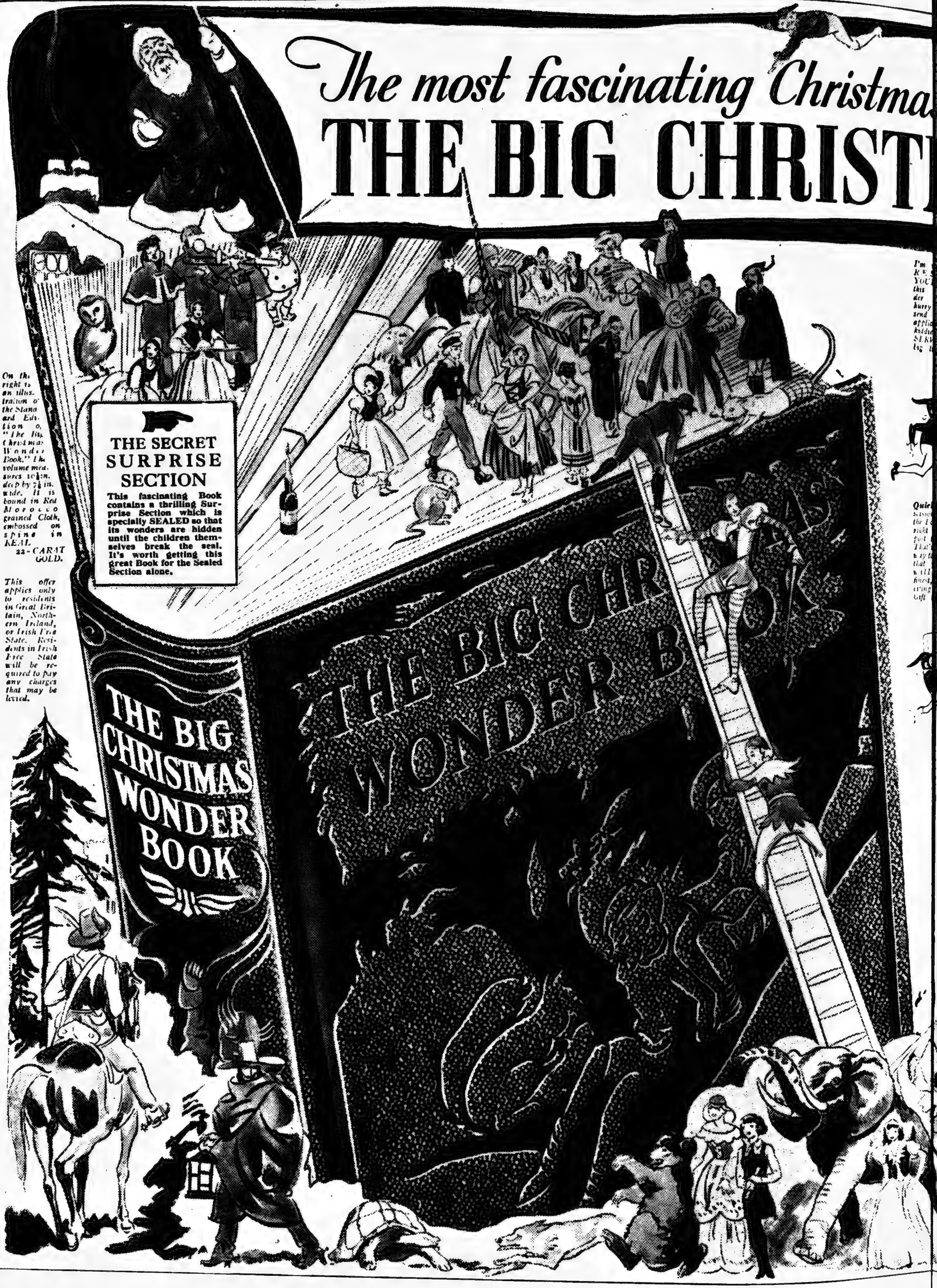
THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK
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MAS WONDER BOOK

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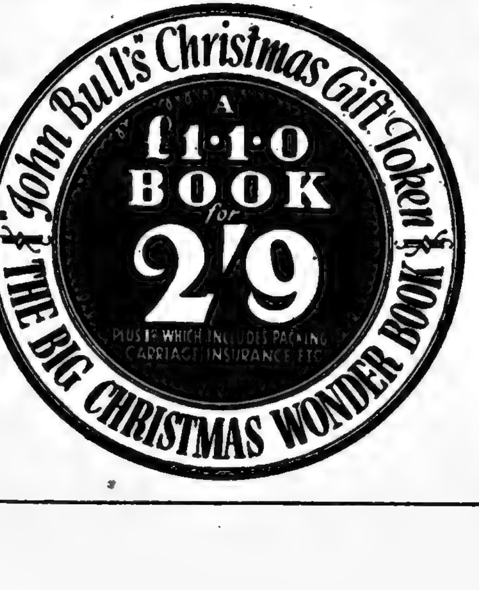

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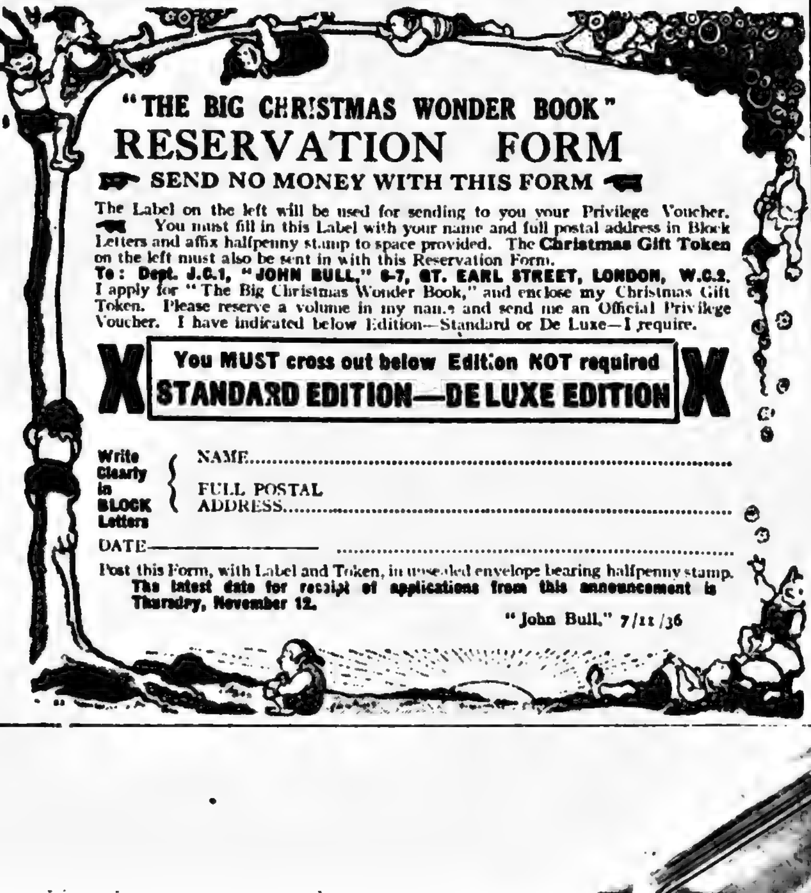

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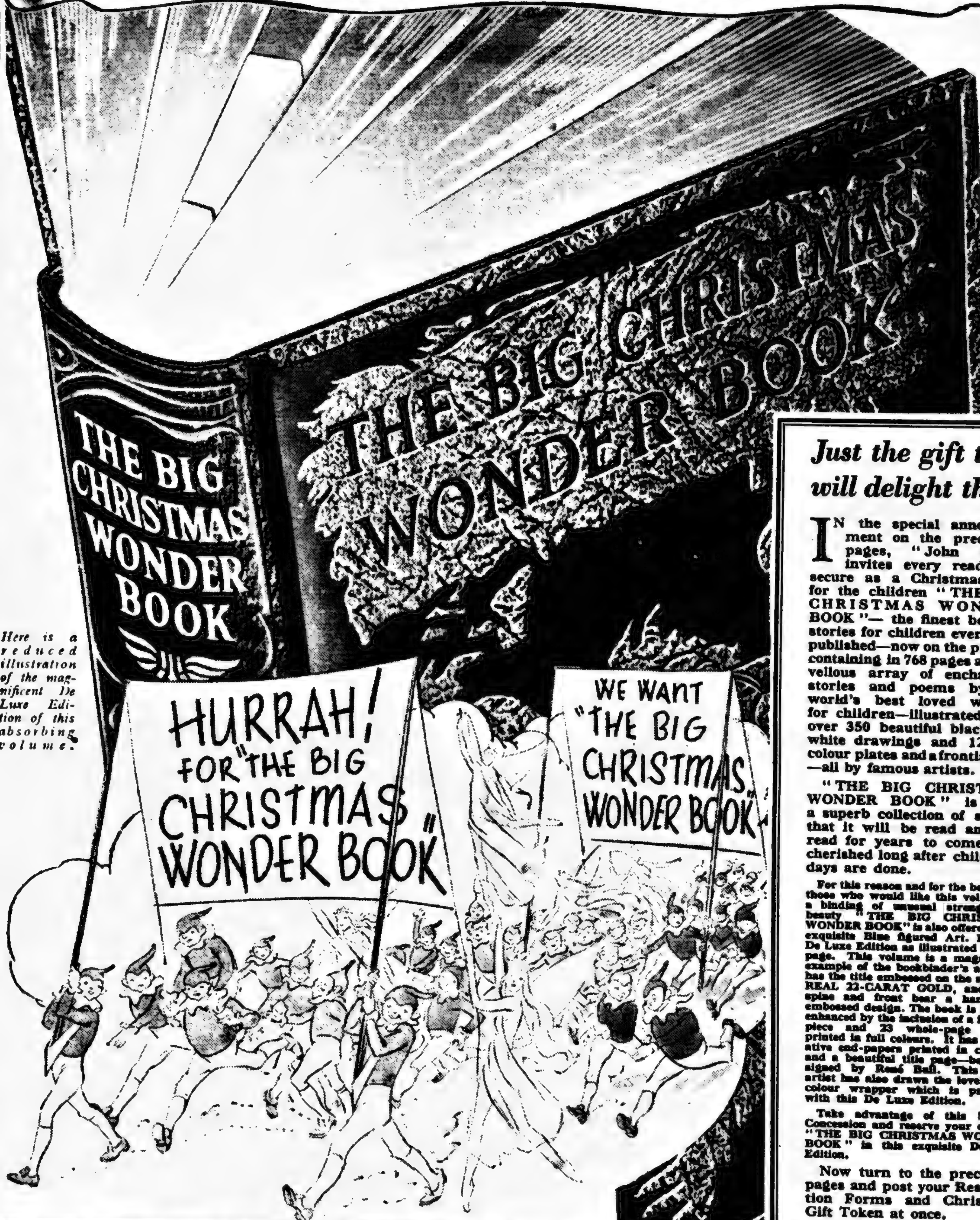
THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK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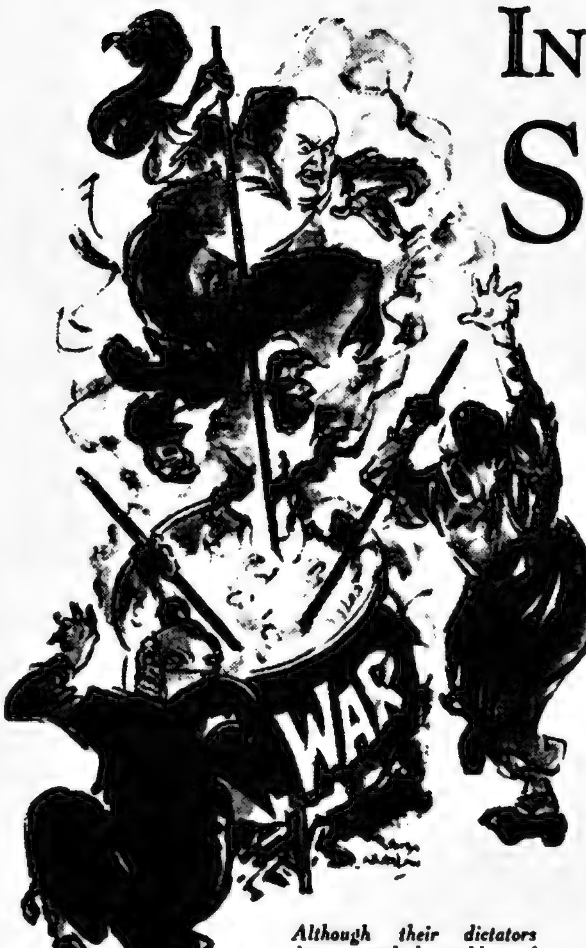
IN THE SHADOW of FEAR

By A. G. Gardiner



Although their dictators dance round the cauldron of world war, not even the common people of Germany, Italy and Japan want to fight anybody. But they are afraid . . .

WHEN the world stands in hushed silence next Wednesday its thoughts will be less of the past than of the grim and foreboding future. "Learn or perish" was Lord Grey's warning to the world after the last war. It has not learned.

Is it to perish? If not, how is it to be snatched from the rapids that are sucking it into another Niagara?

These are the questions that will be in all our minds when we stand with bowed heads next Wednesday morning. For answer, let us try to take a brief survey of the peril that is imminent.

Consider, first, the fantastic paradox of the position. There is no people that wants war. Among all the millions who stand uncovered on Armistice morning there will be one universal prayer. It will be a prayer that war may be averted.

This is true not of our own people only, but of all peoples. Individuals may want war. Special interests may want war. But no people in the mass—not even the people of the militant nations, Germany, Italy and Japan—want war.

Yet all the nations of the earth are arming for war as they have never armed before. From Britain right across the continents of Europe and Asia to far Japan the forests are falling, the furnaces are blazing, the shipyards are ringing, the factories are humming in preparation for the coming of the Great God of War.

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The driving motive behind all this frenzy is Fear. Every nation is living in deadly alarm lest some other nation should hurl some bolt literally out of the blue.

For with the coming of aerial warfare we can no longer rely on the civilised practice of declaring war being respected.

From the beginning to the end of the Abyssinian crime Mussolini did not declare war. He just launched it when the moment seemed most opportune. And what was done in Africa may be done in Europe.

It is this state of Fear which is precipitating the ultimate catastrophe by speeding up the armaments race. The more we arm the more the end is certain.

The faster we arm the sooner the breaking point must be reached.

In one sense it is true that Fear is keeping the peril temporarily at bay. No nation is at *present* sufficiently confident of victory to explode the mine. Every nation is equally in terror of indiscriminate death descending from the clouds.

It is, for example, Japan's fear of Russian aerial strength at Vladivostok that puts the brake on her activities in the Far East. Her great cities are vulnerable to Russia; the Russian cities are not vulnerable to Japan. Moreover, most expert opinion agrees that Japan's marvellous military machine is least formidable in the air.

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The fear that holds the combatants at bay in the Far East is holding the dogs of war in leash in Europe. Nothing but that has prevented the Spanish civil war from setting Europe in flames.

From the beginning of that tragedy this journal has stood for the policy of "Hands off Spain," and it stands for that policy to-day. Nothing is more probable than that if Germany and Italy on the one side and France and Britain on the other had publicly espoused the cause of the rival factions in Spain and had openly competed in pouring arms into that country, "incidents" would have occurred which would have engulfed Europe in war as the shot fired at Seragevo in June, 1914, did.

In taking the lead in isolating the Spanish inferno, M. Blum showed courage and statesmanship of the first order. He saved Europe from catastrophe. And he prolonged the breathing space of which I have spoken.

It is that breathing space, not of collective security—that has gone—but of collective Fear that must be turned to account if the dread shadow that darkens Europe is to be dispersed. In this great matter no country has a more vital part to play than this.

And for two reasons. Nature and events have allotted us the rôle of Honest Broker to Europe. We have no part in its quarrels, want nothing from it, and have no interest in it except peace. This gives us a moral strength that no other nation has.

And the material reason is no less weighty. Our supremacy at sea, our incomparable superiority in the command of wealth, and our unrivalled affiliations throughout the globe make us the most powerful piece on the chess-board.

This is not a matter of boasting. It is a plain matter of fact. I emphasise it here to stress the weight of responsibility that rests on this country in this crisis.

If I dwell on it with pride at all it is because it shows that freedom and democracy are still the best guarantees of national power.

No country is more conscious that we hold the balance than Germany is. And Germany is the central problem on the chess-board.

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Hitler may not be quite the miracle that Mr. Lloyd George thinks him, but he knows the difference between real power and bombast.

I am not impressed by his theatrical embracings with Mussolini across the Alps.

Those embracings are for effect in France and England, and whatever the results of Ciano's visit to Berlin, they cannot go very deep while Austria remains outside both the German and Italian orbits, and while the main object of German economic policy is to penetrate south-eastwards towards Rumanian oil and grain.

It is not Mussolini, with his noisy bluster about peace driven in with "8,000,000 bayonets" that is Hitler's chief concern. It is the vast potentialities which this country can throw into the scale that keep him anxious.

That is why he is so accessible to any sort of Englishman, from Mr. Lloyd George to humble civil servants and journalists.

That is why he sends his most confidential friend as Ambassador to us. There is nothing for which he would pay so high a price as the good will of England.

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That good will is his at a price which he can pay and must pay if he is to have the commodity. Let us be perfectly clear as to what that price is and what it is not.

First, as to what it is not. It is not taking a hand in his fanatical scheme of embarking Europe on a conflict between Nazis and Bolshevism.

It is necessary to say this because Herr von Ribbentrop's first words on arriving as Ambassador suggested that he had been sent as a sort of missionary to Darkest England to save us from Communism.

We can do that quite well without help from Berlin, just as we can save ourselves from Fascism without help from Moscow.

Nor does the price mean any sacrifice of our friendship with France. We are the two free countries left in Europe out of the wreck of freedom, and we are going to stand together for peace.

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As to what the price is, let us be equally plain. Let Germany, which broke up the collective peace and the Disarmament Conference—not without reason—now come into a general settlement of which the corner-stone is a Western pact and the ultimate goal the rebuilding of the League of Nations on a revised plan. If Germany will do this our good will is hers, however much we shall continue to hate her internal politics.

Then the breathing space may have saved Europe from the approaching catastrophe. And that hope will be strengthened if, as I expect, Franklin Roosevelt, by the time these lines appear, is once more President of the United States.

For I believe that in his hands America, in spite of its isolation policy, will be a powerful influence in preserving the cause of democratic civilisation and the cause of world peace.

★ Politics and You

Square Deal—and Square Meals!

AMONG the marchers trekking south through the rich golden browns of the English autumn was one man who had been out of work for fifteen years: another, aged twenty-five, had never held down a job in his life.

And, the tragedy is that there are 650,000 other decent British citizens in the same boat.

* * *

Eager enough, all of them, to work, they have only the allowances of the Unemployment Assistance Board to live on.

This Board, the chairman of which gets £5,000 a year and the deputy-chairman £3,000, was set up under an Act passed in 1934. It fixes the rates of relief and administers the money voted by Parliament for the purpose.

The first scales, laid down two years ago, were received with such a furious storm of indignation, in which all sections joined—parsons, school teachers, shopkeepers, M.P.s and ordinary folk—that the Government took fright and caused a tremendous sensation by withdrawing them.

Last July, after an interval of eighteen months, they had a second shot. Revised scales were published. These come into force next week.

Under them a husband and wife are to receive up to 24s. a week with additional allowances for children, varying from 3s. to 6s. The Household Means Test, bitterly resented by the unemployed, is to continue, but in a modified form.

The scales are an improvement on the old—but not much. There are still 4,500,000 people in Great Britain who can spend no more than 4s. a head on food each week, although most experts agree that nearly twice that sum is essential for an A1 nation.

* * *

Families subject to the Means Test have from 1s 8d. to 3s. per head for expenditure on food, the average being about 2s. 3d. This is all too little and steps should be taken to increase it at the earliest possible moment.

A Means Test there must be where public money is involved, but, as a Conservative writer recently pointed out, its working "leaves room for numerous cases of acute poverty equal to any horrors of the last century." This should not be. The unemployed are entitled to a square deal and must get it.

SEALED SECRET!

The biggest thrill for the children this Christmas will be the marvellous sealed section in "The Big Christmas Wonder Book," the most fascinating gift for boys and girls which JOHN BULL, this week, invites every reader to secure for their children or their young friends.

Full details are published in the centre pages of this issue.

An Exposure of Grave National Importance . .

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Wing-Commander E. J. Hodsoll—that he is working hard is true enough, but that his labours are mere waste of energy is also true

ON the first of April last year the Air Raid Precautions Department was born. The fact was covered up in deep, dark secrecy by the Home Office, of which the new Department was an offshoot. But the date of the birth seems somehow prophetic considering what the Department has been doing since.

Of course, its very existence is a grim commentary on the whole course of world statesmanship since the war—gas-mask supplies, bomb-proof shelters, mock air-raids, all solemnly organised in days of peace because the "next war" may so easily start, without any declaration, by a hundred enemy bombers raining incendiary and poison-gas bombs on the heart of London.

No matter that all nations have agreed not to bomb enemy civilians in time of war. All nations can be relied on to break their pledges!

For a few weeks the very existence of the new Air Raid Precautions Department was kept so hush-hush that officials could not bear to mention its name. It was called "A.R.P.D." Enquiring newspaper men were told that they must not even ask what the mysterious letters meant.

This April the First atmosphere was kept up carefully for a few weeks. As to who is the fool, however—whether it is the Government fooling itself, or whether the nation "has bought it again"—we leave it for you to find out. Let the story tell itself.

More Money

BY the end of April, however, Sir John Gilmour, then Home Secretary, had to tell the House of Commons what "A.R.P.D." meant, because he needed money for its programme. Lots of it.

For a mere sprig of a Department it did itself very well in the beginning—and it has continued to do so. First, the Home Secretary asked for £92,000 for "expenditure for the year"—and got it. But long before the year was up—in July, three months later, to be exact—the Home Office put in a further "supplementary" Estimate of £850,000.

Then in March this year a new estimate demanded £501,250. Now, we learn, a further £600,000 will be asked for as soon as the new session of Parliament opens, to be spent before the end of the current financial year.

A trifle of over £2,000,000 in under two years is not bad going for a baby Department.

The Department was formed (said the Home Secretary) "in accordance with the policy foreshadowed some time ago by Mr. Baldwin." That policy, announced about the time that Mr. Baldwin was assuring the country that reports of heavy German air rearmament were "all eye-wash," foreshadowed certain communications be made to local authorities and similar bodies "on whom would fall the responsibility for action in an emergency."

The "emergency" was air raids involving the use of poison-gas, incendiary bombs and high explosive, undertaken against this country by a foreign Power. Drawing up the "communications" which laid on local authorities the responsibility for "holding the baby" about air raids was the primary job of this new Department.

The Department was instructed with the task of (1) "advising local authorities of the measures necessary for safeguarding the civilian population against air attack; (2) informing these authorities of the Government's policy and the directions in which co-operation would be required; and (3) issuing instructions to the public."

Staff of Fifty

THE A.R.P.D. started with a staff of five, under the direction of Wing-Commander E. J. Hodsoll. The Wing-Commander jumped straight from the comparative anonymity of an Assistant Secretaryship to the Committee of Imperial Defence into this post which makes him an Assistant Under-Secretary of State and "dictator" of safety for Britain's population against air attack. He is in the early forties and is a seaplane expert.

To-day, the Wing-Commander has blossomed out, and now he controls a staff of fifty.

He began work by issuing a printed circular to all local authorities informing them of elementary measures to be taken in the case of air attack. Swift on the heels of this he sent another circular printed in millions to be distributed to every householder, like the Highway Code.

Then the printing presses really opened out. In the eighteen short months of its career A.R.P.D. must have broken all records for leaflet production of any Government Department. Dozens of booklets have been issued and printed in scores of thousands. Some run to hundreds of pages of closely printed matter.

Some give instructions to doctors on how to handle gas casualties. Others—very secret—tell power stations and other public undertakings how to protect themselves and maintain supplies when the raiders come over. Others still, in horrific detail, describe the work to be undertaken by rescue parties—still to be recruited—and the "decontamination squads" which will clear streets, roadways and houses of mustard-gas and Lewisite.

The "breakdown gangs"—still to be formed—all over the country are told how to smash their way through houses shattered in bombing raids. The details are complete even down to a list printed at the end of the booklet of "suggested" equipment for parties clearing debris.

Suggested "heavy set" for parties of eight men: "three iron-shod levers, 28 feet long; two wheelbarrows (iron); one 3-ton chain tackle; two acetylene cutting torches; four floodlight projectors; two tarpaulins (to protect trapped persons from falling debris until released); one 'fire-devil' (or fire-basket) (for warming persons trapped in winter); picks, crowbars, shovels . . ." and so on.

Everything is here, worked out in the most impressive detail. "Nothing is here for tears"—except the necessity for it all.

But don't think that printing ink and paper are the sole achievements of Wing-Commander Hodsoll.

Within a few months he bought Eastbury Park, in Gloucestershire, former residence of Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister under whose bad-tempered guidance Britain destroyed the power of Napoleon, staffed it with experts, and transformed it into a National Gas School.

On this estate, complete with sample dwelling-houses and types of roadway, "specimen" and imitation poison gases are loosed off to drift towards the distant Cotswolds. Chief constables, local government officials and higher rank policemen go to school here, learning how to identify poison-gases and the methods to be used to protect the population against them.

These men are to go back to their own areas as instructors to train others as instructors.

At present Eastbury turns out eighty a month. By Christmas Wing-Commander Hodsoll hopes to be turning out 120 a month. His programme calls for *one million* trained instructors in gas protection—"not such a very large number," he said hopefully, "when you realise that we have to provide some sort of protection for every person in Britain."

Next, the Wing-Commander bought two factories in the North and adapted them for the manufacture of 30,000,000 of the "people's gas-mask," a specially designed contrivance which the Government hopes to turn out at 2s. 6d. a piece. The factories are now working night and day on these masks, which are intended to be "stored by local authorities against eventualities." At present the few millions which are ready remain stored at the factories themselves.

In case the two factories cannot cope with the production needed, Wing-Commander Hodsoll is inviting applications from other manufacturers to supply part of the demand. In that event the Department will provide these manufacturers with designs and working drawings of the new mask. But the firms must pay the Government a royalty on each mask.

He Was Annoyed!

THERE are still other activities of this amazing Department besides buying gas schools, training instructors, printing booklets, and making gas-masks. There are, for instance, the gigantic plans now being worked out for the evacuation of the public at a moment's notice from towns threatened by air-raids.

When, a few weeks ago, the woman chairman of the Barnet Council, anxious to help, announced a scheme whereby Barnet motorists would be asked to rush schoolchildren and others into open country on receipt of a raid warning, the Wing-Commander was very annoyed. He deprecated such amateur suggestions which, he stated, would cause chaos and congestion on the roads.

Two pictures that should wring the hearts of
bags for babies, and—if they are old enou

But his Department calmly plans to transport a million people from Central London in a few hours. They would be shifted by railway, he says confidently, and billeted at the seaside—so long as the "emergency" is kind enough not to arise in August. At the moment the A.R.P.D. is engaged in endless conferences with railway officials and completing a survey of seaside boarding-houses, country farmhouses and any possible kind of accommodation for the threatened millions.

Wing-Commander Hodsoll does not mind tackling an organisation problem of that magnitude with his staff of fifty—or any of the other jobs which have so far been described!

In fact, as the saying goes, he "eats it." And the Department's spokesmen, in the House of Commons and elsewhere, repeatedly

(continued on page 27)

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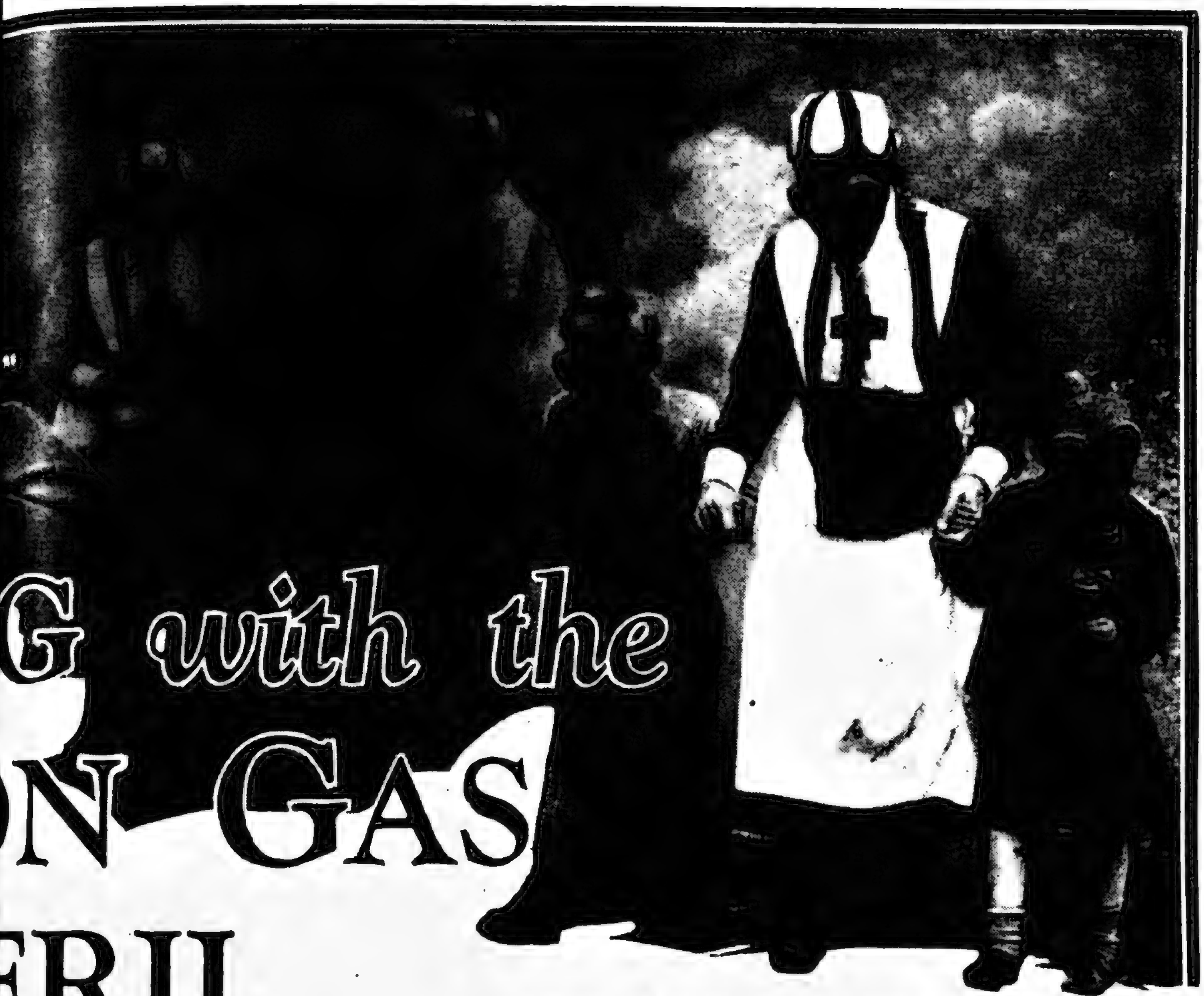
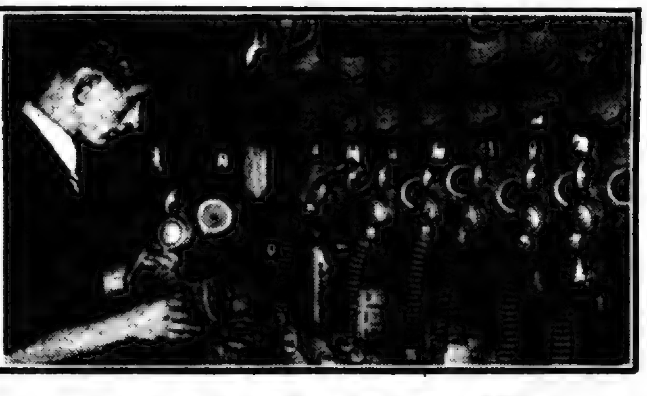


Rehearsals with trained experts are being ceaselessly held, but what are the plans to help the millions of people who would be exposed to danger? There seems to be none of any real value

of all statesmen—rubber
—small gas masks, too



Masks for the million—but experts declare they are not effective

assure the country how valuable are the measures taken and how successful and complete they are so far.

Now let a cold blast of reality play on these air-raid precaution plans, and on all the Government's alternate soothsaying and scaremongering to justify the £2,000,000 already earmarked and all the uncounted millions which will be needed in the future.

First of all, what about the local authorities who are "to hold the baby" with regard to air-raid protection and without which none of these beautiful plans can possibly be made to work?

Nothing Done

NOT a single hint has yet been given them as to what help the Government will give towards the expenditure on gas-proof shelters, "decontamination rooms," the training of rescue squads, the purchase of equipment and the rest of it. They have been supplied with perfect plans and drawings for all these things and inundated with official literature on the subject, but not a suggestion has been made whence the money is to come.

In consequence, nearly two years after the programme has been announced, the local authorities, practically without exception, have done nothing at all.

Next, take "the gas-masks for all" scheme, which is the biggest *actual* achievement of the A.R.P.D. to date. These masks are the biggest publicity stunt the Government has produced. Last session, and almost rubbing his hands, the Home Secretary told the House that they were "100 per cent. effective."

But "effective" for whom, and against what? And what is the Home Secretary's idea of "100 per cent."? A few days after he made this remark Major Paul Murphy, formerly Director of Experiments at the Chemical Defence Station, and at least as great an expert on the subject as Sir John Simon, denied that any respirator can be "100 per cent. effective" against mustard gas, to name only one among a whole gamut of poison-gases which an enemy might use. He went on to point out, always using the most polite language, that the "efficiency" of any mask depended further on the accuracy with which it is "fitted" and the degree of gas training of the wearer.

Other experts were not so polite nor so restrained in their condemnation of the Government's protection proposals. Professor Marrack of London Hospital said that the statements "were not merely misinformed, but grossly inaccurate." He said that the Home Office's consoling assurance that most people poisoned by mustard gas recover "was an unqualified lie," that all its proposals for air-raid defence were "inadequate and in some ways dangerous."

More experts asked how it was possible to fit one of the "masks for the million" on to a baby; and was it likely that a mother would put on her mask and leave for Brighton under Wing-Commander Hodsoll's wing, leaving her baby unprotected.

The Cloven Hoof

THE Home Office, through Major Blackmore, admitted that a child below four or five years of age cannot wear the masks, but that the Department "was doing its utmost to solve the problem of protection for babies." One method "under research" is a rubber bag into which the child is to be dumped and fed with air cylinders and oxygen. Another is a cover which will hermetically seal a perambulator.

But where is that "100 per cent. efficiency"?

Again, the Socialist Medical Association, after an exhaustive survey of the matter by the best available experts, declares that a simple respirator of the class now being offered "would probably protect against phosgene *for a short time*," but not against a whole named range of poisonous gases and smokes. Phosgene is one of the simplest gases to stop and has been supplanted by "better" gases since the Great War.

Faced with a barrage of such unanswerable criticism, the Government now hints that the new "masks for the million," on which some £5,000,000 is to be spent, were never meant to be anything more than "lifebuoys," to be stored by local authorities against emergencies! But the authorities have made no arrangements for storing nor for fitting nor for distributing the millions of masks lying at the factories.

The Government hints further—and here the cloven hoof peeps out—that private firms may manufacture more expensive masks for sale to the public and that the Home Office is prepared to examine samples and stamp them if approved.

With local authorities bewildered and declining to put civic gas protection measures in force until they know where the money is coming from, Wing-Commander Hodsoll is now pressing forward the old plan of a gas-proof room for every home to be organised alongside his idea for mass evacuation from crowded areas.

Adequate gas-proofing of a room is a highly technical business. Completely done, the room could hardly be used for ordinary living purposes in peace time. It really means the sacrifice of a room. In London alone over 200,000 families each live in a maximum of two rooms. Can they give up a room to be gas-proofed? Again, they live in houses so old and decrepit that if a bomb dropped a hundred yards away it would crack most of them wide open. And then where is your gas-proofing?

Not Workable

IF the onus is thrown on civic authorities to provide gas-proof shelters for the population, where is the means to come from? Experiments on the Continent show that it costs about £32 *per head* to build adequate gas and bomb-proof shelters.

Concerning the last big trump card in the Wing-Commander's plans for the salvation of Britain—his mass evacuation scheme—it is hard to see how it can even be considered outside of Bedlam. To move a million people away from a threatened area you need more than a few hours' notice in spite of the speediest railways and the smoothest organisation that men can devise.

But air expert after air expert has told us that with the speed of modern bombing planes the country would in the event of war get an hour's, or perhaps *minutes'*, notice at the most.

These are the plans, this is the kind of suggestion which goes on behind the Government's "gas clouds" about the "air menace." With the eighteenth Armistice Day upon us it is as well to ponder them and reflect on the pass to which we have come. Nearly twenty years after the "cease fire" sounded in the "war to end war" the Government can only see the future through a gas cloud.

It can see no further steps than the provision of millions for 2s. 6d. gas-masks, rubber breathing bags for babies, "panic" trains out to the country for those who can walk or run, and concrete gas-proof dug-outs for those who can't.

Is that all? Or is all the vast war scaremongering campaign just another device to divert more millions into the pockets of the military forms of private enterprise? And is all the elaborate and energetic endeavour of the Air Raids Precaution Department just another but a very expensive April Fool's joke? •

IN Hospital BLUE

They Still Suffer Eighteen Years After

"Lest we forget" has become symbolised by a poppy. The wounded soldiers at Roehampton are a grim living reminder of the wickedness of war

THIS story is going to be called a horrible one by many who will read it. It is about a horrible thing—war.

It is, in fact, about the most nightmarish aspect of that devilish subject—war's aftermath.

It is a story of men for whom the last war has not yet ended, for a proportion of whom peace will never come at all on this side of the grave.

Men who have never risen since a bullet laid them low in the prime of their lives eighteen, twenty, years ago.

I have stood by their beds in Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton, better known under the one word "Roehampton," and to-day the biggest hospital for war-wounded in the Empire.

Not at the beds of the worst cases, of course. I was rightly excluded from the room in which thirty of them are doomed to stay until the end. I was given the bare information that they are paralysed, as helpless as new-born babies. I did not ask for more.

Even in the case of the 400 patients I was permitted to see I chose to talk with the lesser sufferers. That was an ordeal big enough for me—too big, it would have been, only for the fact that your British soldier has a faculty for joking in adversity.

There was Bert, for instance. Bert is burly, white-moustached, grandfatherly. He was racked with pain when I arrived at his bedside. "It's me back," he said, "and it's always hurting."

It took Bert only a minute to tell me all that he had to say about the war; just that he caught his "packet" near Festubert. Then a twinkle came into his eye.

"Do you know that I tried to wrestle with a lorry on me first day up about three years and ten months ago?" he asked.

Having been helpless for years, I thought I'd do the driver a good turn by advising him how to back—and he knocked me down."

Then, with a chuckle: "I'm not sure I'm not safer here."

The Price

JOE, too, hasn't forgotten how to joke, although you would scarcely credit it on looking at his poor face. His jaw was shot away towards the end of the war, and one eye has gone. By means of grafting they have given him some semblance of a jaw, but he still needs more operations to patch up his eye.

But Joe must have paid a big price. There were photographs showing him in about thirty different stages of improvement. Joe must have been operated on many, many times.

"Why, we are going to make you quite handsome," said my guide—to which Joe retorted: "That would be a real miracle if you did, for I was never handsome in my life."

I would not describe some of the injuries I saw in that ward in which faces are remodelled.

In some cases flesh has to be carried from the stomach to the face in easy stages. First it is grafted from the stomach to the arm, then from the arm to the face. Plastic surgery demands incredible patience from its practitioners—and its patients.

I saw one man not long back from the operating theatre. The parts of his face not covered by dressings showed that he had once had fine bold features. His muffled voice told us he was feeling fine—and I detected a ring of pride in it.

I was shown a photograph of him as he was before the plastic surgeons had taken him in hand. His face had been literally ploughed open by a shell splinter, from one side to another. The wound was deep, wide, cruel.

I saw the dressings removed. He wanted it done. He wanted to watch *my* expression—the expression of the first visitor from the outside world—on seeing the improvements effected.

His eyes almost burned into my face as the bandages came off. I knew I wouldn't be able to lie to him—not much, anyhow. But there was no need.

"Why, it's unbelievable," I said. "You're not like the same man. I'd meet you in the street without paying any particular attention to your face. . . ."

"Thank Heaven for that," he said. And I knew, by the way he said it, that here was a sensitive man to whom that wound had been a torture throughout twenty years of his prime.

And then I came face to face with the most cheerful-looking patient in the whole hospital. I couldn't miss him, because he winked at me as I walked up the ward—a hearty, rollicking sort of wink.

Sixty-ish, and iron-grey of hair, Nobby has the ampleness and joviality of that Chinese god of plenty who smiles at you from the windows of antique shops, although what he has got to be jovial about is something of a puzzle.

For twenty years or so ago, Nobby lay out one night in that vast sea of mud that was called the Somme. It was a night of terrible cold that froze him to his very bones. His particular misfortune, however, was that the mud that had oozed into his boots had frozen as well.

And so Nobby got one of the worst "packets" of trench feet and frost-bite that the doctors have ever seen.

All That Were Left

HE moved the blankets to show me his feet. Two poor blobs were all that had been left to him by successive operations.

And yet: "And let me tell you that if they hadn't been made red by special massage this morning they'd have a colour as natural as yours," he said, proudly.

One more case just to instance a totally different type of patient—the men who never suffered any serious ill-effects from their wounds until recently.

So many minor wounds are now flaring up that Roehampton, eighteen years after the guns were silenced, is getting rather more patients than ever before.

In some cases the victims thought at the time they received their wounds that they were mere scratches not worth worrying a lot about.

But see what happens now. The injury that the man has scarcely bothered to tell his grown-up children about gets hot, inflamed, painful. The family doctor is told. The man is rushed away to Roehampton "in an effort to save you from amputation."

Amputation? Good heavens! and he has almost forgotten the fact that he was grazed.

Well, James is like that. He had a grazed arm. "Thought it was nothing at the time. Didn't even bother to put up a wound stripe. And now—well, here I am in hospital blue in a war hospital, and I don't know even now whether the arm will have to come off."

Yet Ted, his near neighbour—"a German airman got me with about the last bomb of the war," he says—has been in hospital ever since.

Well, that is Roehampton to-day.

There are still a thousand surgical operations there a year, although a generation is growing up that in all too many cases regards war as "good fun."

It is still like those Base Hospitals of war-time. Film companies lend films—talkies, nowadays. Gracie Fields, Jessie Matthews and other generous stars go there to lighten hearts.

You will still see people calling to "take the wounded Tommies out." Some of them have helped the boys in hospital blue unbrokenly since the war. In a few cases it is a mother's way of commemorating the boy whom the war stole from her for ever.

And the nurses who tend the Roehampton war heroes of 1936 are war-time nurses—the male orderlies as well.

So much like a war hospital of 1916 is it that as you wander round its wards you get that hopeless feeling that the war is never going to end. . . .

For six thousand officers and men rendered permanently insane, the blind, the thirty men at Roehampton I was not allowed to see, and quite a number of the four hundred I saw but whose stories I cannot tell, the war never will end.

Frees son from tortured weeks of racking cough

FOR WEEKS HE LAY AWAKE AT NIGHT, COUGHING. IT WORE US OUT. THEN I TRIED VICK AND THE COUGH WENT.

Mrs. Ridgers, c/o British Legion, S. Harrow, says: "Now I use Vick too—rub it on my chest and back at bedtime and inhale the soothing vapours all night long. By morning, the worst of the cold is over."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

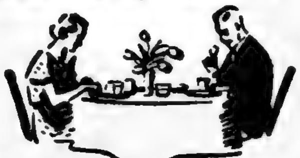
At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

New Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

about CHEESE

Next to lean meat with its protein element, cheese provides a higher percentage of body and energy building substance than any other food.



Libby's Cheese, rich in protein, is a wholesome, nutritious and appetising food. It is easily digested and assists the digestion of other foods.
Serve it on the table and for out-of-door snacks.

Libby's PASTEURISED CHEESE

Made in England

Libby's
CHEESE
L31—661.

NOT "won't eat"
BUT "can't"

There's something she *needs* in her food..
the *Tonic VITAMIN B!*

GIVE IT TO HER IN

QUAKER OATS

Time and time again, doctors have found that loss of appetite, together with "nerviness" and constipation in growing children —and adults too—were a direct result of a lack of the essential Tonic Vitamin B in diet!

All the family needs it *every day* —all the year round—and there's no better, nicer way to take it than in delicious, creamy Quaker Oats which scientists have proved contains this important vitamin in substantial quantities.

Quick Quaker saves time—you can prepare it, a hot freshly *cooked* breakfast, in four minutes —far nicer and healthier than any cold cereal warmed with hot milk. Economical, too, costing only 4d. and 8½d. at all grocers.

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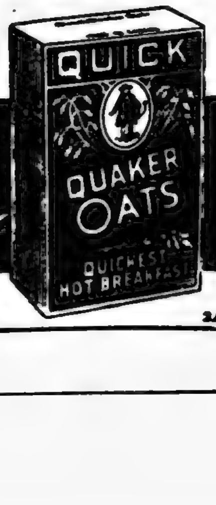
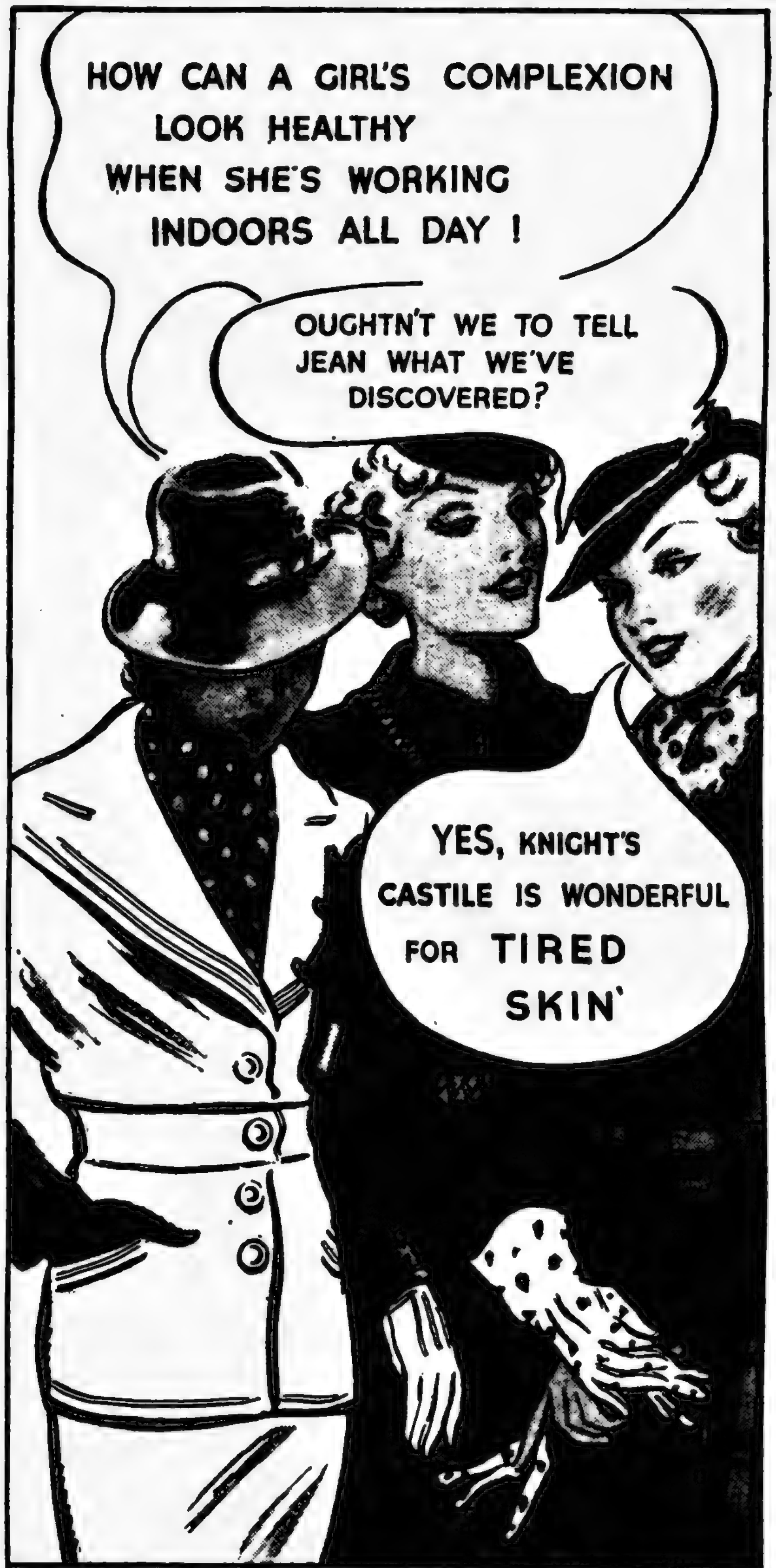
Chosen for the Famous "Quins"!

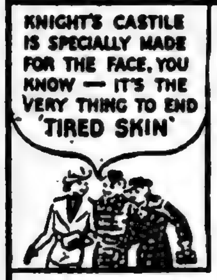
For just a few pence you can give your family the identical breakfast that famous doctors chose for the Dionne "Quins": identical because your Quaker Oats and theirs comes from the same great Quaker Mills in Canada.

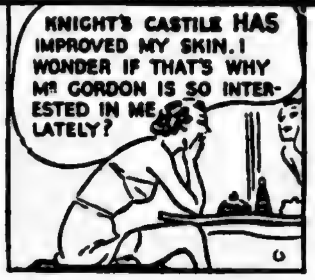

QUICK
QUAKER OATS
QUICKEST HOT BREAKFAST

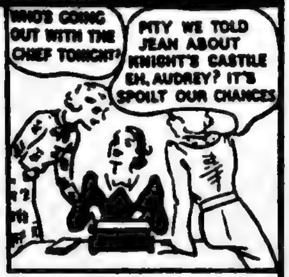
40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d

247


HOW CAN A GIRL'S COMPLEXION LOOK HEALTHY WHEN SHE'S WORKING INDOORS ALL DAY!
OUGHTN'T WE TO TELL JEAN WHAT WE'VE DISCOVERED?
YES, KNIGHT'S CASTILE IS WONDERFUL FOR TIRED SKIN'


KNIGHT'S CASTILE IS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE, YOU KNOW — IT'S THE VERY THING TO END 'TIRED SKIN'

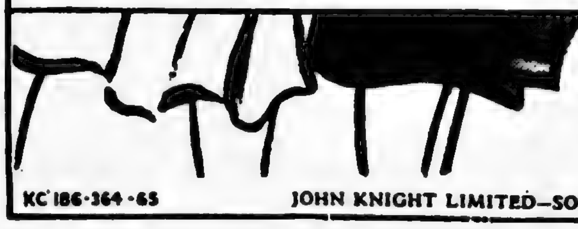

KNIGHT'S CASTILE HAS IMPROVED MY SKIN. I WONDER IF THAT'S WHY Mr GORDON IS SO INTERESTED IN ME LATELY?


WHO'S GOING OUT WITH THE CHIEF TONIGHT?
PITY WE TOLD JEAN ABOUT KNIGHT'S CASTILE EH, AUDREY? IT'S SPOILT OUR CHANCES

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

4D per tablet



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LYLE'S GOLDEN SYRUP

They complement each other...

users compliment them both!

Lyle's Golden Syrup — the most popular and economical preserve—is now available in two forms: the familiar tin and the dainty glass jar for table use. There are very many more interesting and economical uses for Lyle's than you probably realise—write to the address below for our valuable free recipe book.

Compiled by Elizabeth Craig, it describes new ways with favourite dishes and a large variety of quite new and exciting recipes. Lyle's Golden Syrup is not only delicious but highly nourishing and replaces more costly preserves. Keep the glass jar on the table for every meal and see how a spoonful transforms porridge, rice pudding, cereals, bread and butter, toast, etc.

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GOLDEN SYRUP

in the familiar tin, and also in the glass jar for table use

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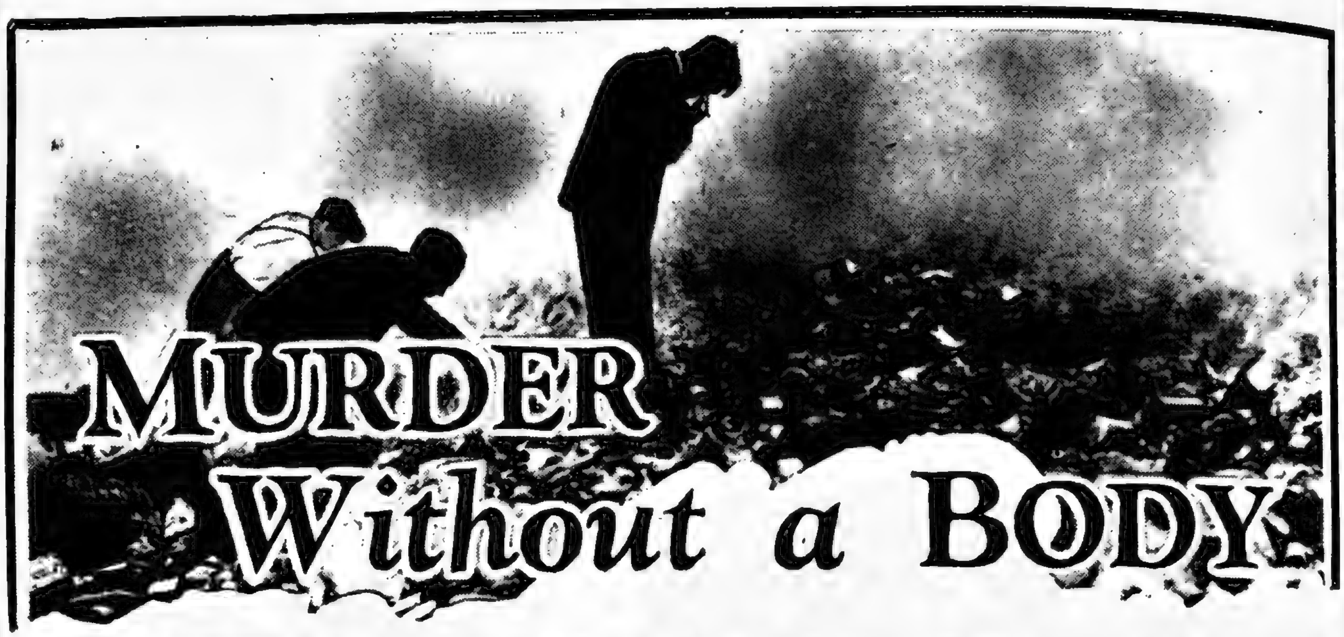
Burning Dump Mystery—By SUPT. HAMBROOK



MURDER Without a BODY

The search in progress for the body of seven-year-old John Davidson, which was never found

DURING the period I was Detective Superintendent of the Western Area, I had under my supervision the remarkable case of a Murder Without a Body.

This particular case, by the way, has already become a classic in legal argument. For the result of it—the trial at the Old Bailey and the application to the Court of Criminal Appeal—showed that guilt of murder can be established although there are no physical remains of the murdered person in existence.

It was a case which caused me personally a great deal of distress. There were so many really pathetic features.

After all, detective officers are human and sympathetic. When we see under our own eyes the wreckage of domestic happiness which comes from an ill-assorted marriage, and when that home trouble leads to the gravest crime, we find our duty so much the harder to carry out.

The principal characters in this "murder without the body" were: Thomas Joseph Davidson, a working man, aged thirty-four; Olive Squire Davidson, his young wife, and John Desmond Davidson, their son of seven years old.

From the police point of view the matter began with the disappearance of the child from the house in Hanwell, Middlesex, where the wife was living apart from her husband.

Mrs. Davidson reported at the local police station that her son had been taken away by his father, and that she was alarmed at his non-return.

A description of the boy was circulated. A message concerning him was broadcast, at request of the police, by the B.B.C.

* * *

To make clear what had happened I must recount something about the Davidsons.

Thomas Joseph Davidson was a curiously mixed character. Really he was very fond of his wife and child and yet for long periods he seemed to be careless of their welfare.

The son of a Norfolk agricultural labourer, at the age of fourteen he joined the Army, in which he served for ten years, part of the time in India. On returning to civilian life he secured occupation at such odd jobs as he could find, but he was restless and lived a nomadic life.

In 1924 he married a pretty young woman named Olive Squire Hipgrave, but except for the first few months their life together was not particularly happy.

After the birth of their son—whom they called Jackie—they went their different ways; coming together again occasionally only to drift apart once more. At one time they lived in a converted pantechnicon on a poultry farm in Essex.

The woman tired of this, and, without telling her husband where she was going, went with the boy to Hanwell. There she lodged in the house of a Mrs. Clack, going out to work each day and leaving the child in charge of the landlady.

Some time in October, 1933, Davidson found work on a pig farm at Stockley, near Uxbridge, kept by Mr. H. Amer. There he had quarters in a hut, which was used also as a store.

Adjoining the farm was a great refuse dump seven acres in extent, where every day hundreds of tons of rubbish was unloaded from canal barges and burned, so that the dump was always a gigantic, glowing furnace.

There is no doubt that at this stage Davidson was anxious to rejoin his wife. But he had no idea of her whereabouts, although actually she was living only six miles away.

At last his enquiries proved fruitful, and he succeeded in tracing his wife to the address in Hanwell. He went there on the afternoon of October 19 and saw his wife in company with another man.

He called her on one side and persuaded her to return with him to the farm. They did not, however, take their son with them. The boy remained in charge of Mrs. Clack.

* * *

Two days later the wife again left her husband and returned to her Hanwell lodgings.

On the afternoon of the same day Davidson made a surprise appearance at Hanwell. He called at the house while his wife was out. The man was unknown to Mrs. Clack, but he explained that he was "Jackie's father," and had come to take the boy out shopping.

The boy was very pleased to see his father. Davidson promised that he would return with the boy the following evening.

When Davidson came back to the house the next day he was alone. "I am terribly upset," he explained, "but my poor boy was knocked down by a motor lorry and died at twelve last night."

It was at this stage that the police entered into the case. Mrs. Davidson, in the deepest distress, reported the taking away of her son and what she was told had happened.

There was no record of any fatal motor accident in the district. Davidson's story that the child was killed by a motor lorry was a lie.

One of my best officers, Detective-Inspector Greenacre, was engaged on the affair. He endeavoured to ascertain what really had occurred in relation to the boy. Twice the inspector interviewed the father.

The explanation that Davidson gave was that he had taken his son out of the custody of the wife because "she was unfit to have him." He added, "The boy is quite all right. He is with friends of mine in Essex, where he is being well looked after. They are the friends with whom I used to live."

* * *

Faced with this attitude from the father the police could do nothing further. There was then no direct suspicion against Davidson. He was, of course, the lawful guardian of the boy and was quite entitled to take him away from the mother.

We had circulated the description of the boy and had it broadcast—this before the father had been found and interviewed—but that was all we could properly do.

Nine months after little John Davidson had walked out of the house in Hanwell holding his father's hand an amazing letter reached the Hanwell police-station, addressed to Detective-Inspector Greenacre.

Davidson had drifted out of the district back to his native Norfolk and had there been arrested on a charge of stealing a bicycle. He was in Norwich prison when he sat down and wrote:

"Dear Sir,—With reference to the enquiries as to the whereabouts of my son Jackie which have been going on—my son is dead. I killed him. I think it is best to make a clean sweep of things and get them squared up.

"I do not intend to give any explanation as to why or how it happened in this letter, or where he is buried. If my wife is brought along to see me I will explain everything.

"He can be found in a very few hours. Otherwise you will dig for hours and then find nothing. I do not expect her or wish her to see me on my own. She can be accompanied by anyone she likes."

As Detective Superintendent, the letter came before me. I consulted Detective-Inspector Greenacre and told him to take Mrs. Davidson down to Norwich Prison and there confront her husband.

* * *

This was done. The Detective-Inspector and the woman journeyed to Norwich, and there, in the special room set apart for prison interviews, Davidson met his wife in company with the officer.

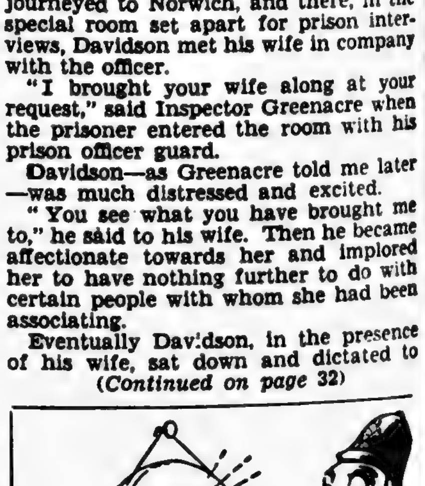
"I brought your wife along at your request," said Inspector Greenacre when the prisoner entered the room with his prison officer guard.

Davidson—as Greenacre told me later—was much distressed and excited.

"You see what you have brought me to," he said to his wife. Then he became affectionate towards her and implored her to have nothing further to do with certain people with whom she had been associating.

Eventually Davidson, in the presence of his wife, sat down and dictated to

(*Continued on page 32*)



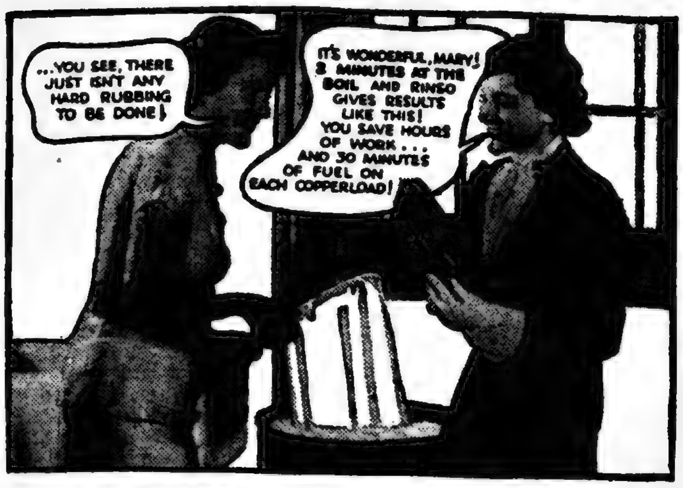
you've been gonged!

And nobody needs calling twice if they know there's Pan Yan on the table! It makes food taste so good that every plate comes up for more! And it gives the digestive organs a fillip—so that every meal becomes as jolly as Christmas dinner!

PAN YAN-FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

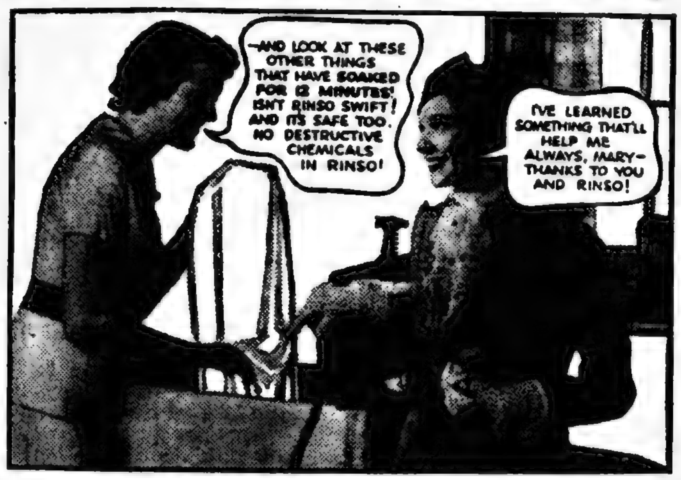
17.60

NEW WAY TAKES ONLY 2-MINUTE BOIL—OR 12-MINUTE SOAK


...YOU SEE, THERE JUST ISN'T ANY HARD RUBBING TO BE DONE!
IT'S WONDERFUL, MARY! 2 MINUTES AT THE BOIL AND RINSO GIVES RESULTS LIKE THIS! YOU SAVE HOURS OF WORK... AND 30 MINUTES OF FUEL ON EACH COPPERLOAD!

SAVE MONEY AND TIME . . .

Women who boil clothes the new Rinso way find it saves them about 30 minutes' worth of fuel on every copperful! They finish washing in record time! They pop the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso, bring to the boil and boil for 2 *minutes only*. Then rinse and hang to dry. Everything comes out dazzling!


—AND LOOK AT THESE OTHER THINGS THAT HAVE SOAKED FOR 12 MINUTES! ISN'T RINSO SWIFT! AND IT'S SAFE TOO. NO DESTRUCTIVE CHEMICALS IN RINSO!
I'VE LEARNED SOMETHING THAT'LL HELP ME ALWAYS, MARY—THANKS TO YOU AND RINSO!

END ALL HARD RUBBING . . .

There's also a new Rinso method for clothes that don't need boiling or can't stand very hot water. They needn't be rubbed now! Soak them clean in lukewarm Rinso suds in 12 minutes. Then squeeze gently through the same suds and they'll be perfect without hard rubbing!

This method is safe, too, for Rinso contains no destructive chemicals. So cut down on time and work next washday . . .

. . . BY USING

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Rinso
FOR ALL YOUR

3½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet

R 2273-541

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

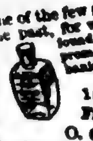
When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 18.

OGEE

Old English Oils

The IDEAL HAIR DRESSING FOR MEN & WOMEN



One of the few good things handed down from the past, for which no equal has ever been found as a means of imparting lustre and promoting luxuriant growth to hair and banishing all scalp troubles.

2 oz., 4 oz., and 8 oz., bottles. 1/-; 1/6; 2/6; Jasmin or Violet.

From all Hairdressers, stores, etc.

O. G. & Co., Ltd., LONDON, W.1

ASTHMA

Relief is what matters

For sixty five years Himrod's has given the greatest relief to sufferers of bronchial asthma.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

Other fats are all very well, but **GIVE ME STORK FOR LIGHTER, MORE DIGESTIBLE PUDDINGS!**

LOTS OF NEW IDEAS FOR PUDDINGS IN THE NEW STORK COOKERY BOOK

The Complete Guide
to HOME COOKING

You, too, will find that puddings of all kinds are lighter in texture, more appetising and digestible when you make them with Stork. Stork is always so firm and fresh, rubs in so evenly and easily, whether the day is hot or cold. And Stork tastes so nice that it makes everything you use it for taste nice too. Try making puddings as well as cakes and pastry with Stork; you'll find it gives you better all-round results than any fat you've ever used.

COUPON

Please send me today the new free Stork Cookery Book, entitled "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking", WHICH CONTAINS REGULO MARKS FOR ALL BAKED DISHES.

Name..

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Fill in your name and address and send this coupon to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. S. 12 Unilever House, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope. (PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS

A GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

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Living on
£3 a week
–you must know how to get the most good out of food...

"THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS GIVE MY FAMILY ROWNTREE'S COCOA,"

says Mrs. Goggins, of Leicester.

MRS. GOGGINS' BUDGET

	£	s.	d.
Rent - - -		12	6
Clothing, boots		8	0
Food - -	1	0	0
Gas & coal -		6	0
Fares to work		4	0
Insurances -		2	0
Dispensary -		1	10
Sundries - -		5	8
TOTAL	£3	0	0

"WITH £3-0-0 a week coming in," says Mrs. Goggins, "my job's easy compared with lots of women's. But with the six of us, I have to watch things carefully. £1 a week is all I can allow for food. To keep us well and strong on that I have to see that every meal is just as nourishing as it can be. That's what made me change to Rowntree's Cocoa. I've tried most cocoas, but I've never found one that helped to get the goodness out of meals like Rowntree's. It's not only the best for us — it really does make every penny I spend on food go further.

"Rowntree's Cocoa is so much easier to digest, too."

* * *

You're quite right, Mrs. Goggins! Rowntree's Cocoa does make a big difference to the nourishment you get from meals.

The reason's simple enough. A special pre-digestion process makes Rowntree's more digestible than other cocoas. So digestible, in fact, that it actually helps digest all other foods—as no ordinary cocoa can. It even makes milk three times as digestible! It helps you to get more goodness for every penny you spend on food.

Mrs. Goggins' three youngest children — Margaret (11), Douglas (6) and Christine (3½). John, the eldest, is in the top photograph. *Friends often wonder how it is the children keep so well,"* says Mrs. Goggins. *"I always tell them that the only secret I've got is Rowntree's Cocoa."*

ROWNTREE'S
COCOA

FREE! TEAPOT made of BEST BRITISH SILVER FINISH ALUMINIUM

One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CB21, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Coronation Gift Booklet showing handsome Coronation souvenirs. Free Gift coupons in every tin.

Continuing: BURNING DUMP MYSTERY

The FATHER Confesses

Greenacre a description of how he had drowned his son and then carried the little body to the burning refuse dump near the farm where he worked and lived.

'I have tried every possible way to get my wife to come back to me," dictated Davidson.

"As she has failed to return I have no interest in life, so I have sent for you to make a clean breast.

"On December 21 I took the boy to where I was staying at Stockley. Jackie stayed with me on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday night I went to Southall to make another effort to get my wife to come back to me, but I was not allowed to see her.

"I got back to Stockley and found Jackie in bed looking after my dog. I awakened him and we talked until 3 a.m. on Sunday. I went to bed and could not sleep and got up at 6.30 a.m. and fed the animals.

"I went back to the hut until 8.30 a.m. and went to bed, but could get no sleep. I took Jackie to the canal dock and jumped in with him. I got myself out and then went to hunt for Jackie. He was a good distance away and was dead.

"I got him out of the water and took him back to the hut and put him to bed. I then took him away to the dump and put him there. I went later to the dump for his body, but found that it had been covered up with refuse.

"When I jumped into the canal with Jackie it was my intention to do away with both of us."

A report of what Davidson had said was communicated to me, and I at once went down to the Uxbridge area to direct renewed enquiries. Meanwhile Davidson was brought back to London and taken to the nearest police-station.

He was quite calm then and offered to assist us all he could to find the missing body of his dead son. He even prepared a rough plan of the dump and marked the spot with a cross where he said he had placed the body.

Police officers under my direction searched the dump as best they could—an impossible task. Remember that nine months had elapsed since the child was first missed. There had been a constant everyday addition to that burning mountain. Anything placed there would have been entirely consumed within a few days.

I interviewed the managing director of the company owning the dump, and he agreed with me that it was fantastic that even the slightest remnant of a human body would remain in that slumbering volcano of heat.

At Davidson's own request he was taken to the dump. He pointed out to me where he had jumped into the water with the boy and also the exact place where he deposited the body. His visit there was of no service to us except that it certainly emphasised the truth of the story.

In the course of my investigations I learned that Davidson—on the very day the boy was killed—actually confided to another man the facts of the murder and how he had disposed of the body.

That individual remained silent. He did not go to the police and inform them of what he had heard. If he had done so we should undoubtedly have discovered some traces of the body.

We had to make a charge of murder against Davidson without being able to produce any body or any direct evidence that there had been a murder except the statements of the accused person himself.

There is, I know, a popular idea that a charge of murder cannot be sustained unless the body of the victim or some part of it is recovered. That is a fallacious notion.

There is no more need for a body to be in a murder charge than it is necessary for stolen property to be found before a charge of theft is made.

Proof of guilt in any case of crime is provided by the evidence, and in this particular instance the evidence was contained in Davidson's own statements.

At his Old Bailey trial Davidson went into the witness-box and strenuously denied the statements he had made in my presence and to Detective-Inspector

Greenacre. He declared that the boy was accidentally drowned by falling into the canal.

"I know I should have gone and reported it," said Davidson in answer to his counsel, "but I got into a panic as I thought I should be charged with deliberately doing it. So I placed him at the foot of the refuse tip, covered his little body with a blanket and some clean refuse and left it there."

However, the jury did not believe Davidson. He was convicted and sentenced to death.

Of course, there was an appeal, in which the conviction was upheld The Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the Court of Criminal Appeal, commented on the fact that the attention of the judge at the Old Bailey was not directed to the fact of the missing body. If his attention had been so directed to that matter it could not be doubted that the judge would have specifically asked the jury, "Are you satisfied the boy is dead?"

When they returned their verdict the jury entered a strong recommendation for mercy. Davidson was not hanged. He was reprieved by the Home Secretary and his sentence altered to one of imprisonment for life.

I who followed this case from its very beginning was glad of that. I felt throughout that Davidson was an overwrought, mentally-distressed man and that his mind was in a torment of trouble when he killed his boy. That he was guilty there is no doubt. During the case a really pathetic letter was written by Davidson to his wife, a copy of which came into my possession, and perhaps I cannot do better than give extracts from it:

"Well, kid, I hope you have got over the shock of hearing what really happened, and when you know the truth of things it is hard to say what you will think of me and what the public will think.

"I care not, for I know only too well that my end is not far off, and that although I have tried four times to end my life I have failed on each occasion. There is no hope for me now.

"Olive, believe me when I tell you that I cannot yet fathom what has come over you. You are not the Olive I used to know. You are only the shadow or the skeleton, and you are as cruel as you used to be kind, for I have begged and prayed of you to come to your senses, and had you only stuck your ground instead of leaving me that Thursday evening everything would have been O.K. Those couple of days that you were back with me were the happiest of my life.

"Why shouldn't you have been straightforward and come out and told me that you did not want me, and I should have known where I stood?

"Put yourself in my place. Even when I left the message that our darling child was dead, which was then a lie, you did not go to the hut. What greater proof need one have that you did not want either of us?

"Why could you not have been straight when I asked you to come to Stockley? You admitted things; then why not have spoken the truth and said you loved somebody else? We had both made fools of ourselves, when we were back together. Why could you not have forgiven me the same as I was prepared to do to you? A loving mother would have done so if only for the sake of her child, but you know, Olive, as well as I do, that you were led away by others.

"Thank God our innocent child will not grow up knowing what we did, for he was advanced in certain subjects quite sufficient to be twenty years old. I am not blaming you for these things.

"That dear child cried for over three hours when I said I should have to fetch him back to you. Therefore, I had no alternative but what I did, which was to do away with the two unwanteds. Why did you get my letters returned?

"Never shall I forget those words of yours that you would never look at another man as long as you lived, but you did not reign long with your promises.

"Whatever I may be, I have kept mine, and I shall always keep mine, for I am looking forward to my end, Olive.

"It is not a cheerful one. I shall walk to it with the consolation that I died for the honour of my darling child, and in a useless attempt to regain my wife, whom I have loved from the day I first met her, and for whom my love has never died, despite occasions when it has wavered, and I have acted the fool.

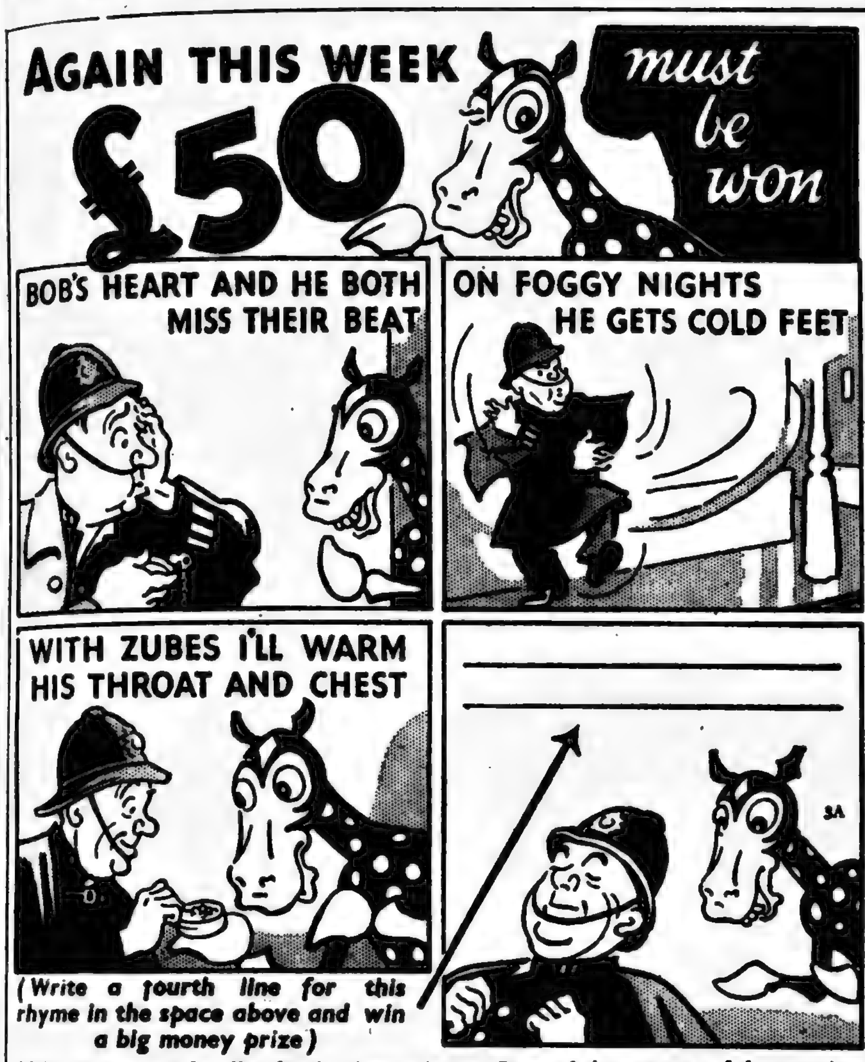
"Please write, Olive, and if you cannot think of me as your once-upon-a-time husband, write as a friend and help cheer me in my last lap. No matter how you have treated me in the past, I should like to see you happy.

"I hope they will not be lenient with me. I have no interest in life since I lost you.'

Next Week:
Strange Case of the Workhouse Bookmaker

CATARRH CURED BY NEW DOUBLE TREATMENT

Catarrh is very hard to get rid of, because the phlegm stops up the air passages and ordinary medicines cannot get at the germs. But there's a very simple double treatment that defeats the most long-seated cases. Ask your chemist for 1 oz. of Parmint, Double Strength, and mix it with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup. He will also give you some special tablets called Parmintabs. Take one of them to break the phlegm. It works instantly and clears a way through the phlegm-choked passages. Not only does your breathing become easier, but the medicaments in the Parmint mixture can reach and kill the disease breeding germs. In a very little while the dullness and deafness, headaches, sore throat, running at the nose, and other distressing symptoms of catarrh disappear and soon the last trace of your affliction has gone.
Then you will realise how the insidious poison of catarrh has been lowering your vitality. From the moment you commence this Parmint treatment you will begin to feel better. This double treatment gets rid of all catarrhal infection so quickly that you ought not to suffer a day longer.


AGAIN THIS WEEK
£50
must be won
BOB'S HEART AND HE BOTH MISS THEIR BEAT
ON FOGGY NIGHTS HE GETS COLD FEET
WITH ZUBES I'LL WARM HIS THROAT AND CHEST
3A

(Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above and win a big money prize)

Make up a snappy last line for the rhyme above. It may bring you one of the 23 prizes (£25, £10, £5, twenty prizes of 10/- each) offered every week by the makers of Zubes in these amusing competitions. Send your entry *now*, together with your name and address and the wax paper disc from a tin of Zubes (or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose), to Dept. 3a, ZUBES RHYMES, Sunnydale, Derby. The best line in the opinion of the judges, whose decision is final, wins £25. The competition closes on Nov. 14th. Names and addresses of winners will be published in "The Leader" Dec. 1 or can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the address above. Competition No. 4 will appear in this paper next week. Look out for it—and look after your throat this winter by sucking Zubes regularly. They'll stop it tickling and banish hoarseness.

Hoarse? Go suck a Zube

In flat tins
3D.
and 6d.
Loose 2½d. per ounce

ZUBES

Zubes are best for throat and chest

Phillips TONIC YEAST..

GUARANTEED PURE LIVE YEAST
FREE FROM DRUGS

50 TABLETS 1/3
150 " 3/-
Of all Chemists.

This Life-giving Tonic restores Vitality & Youthful Vigour. It conquers Indigestion, strengthens the Nerves & clears the Skin. Ask for *PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST.*

It's PURE . . . It's SAFE It DOES MOST GOOD!

Gives MORE POWER and BETTER HEALTH

1/3 for 50

COLDS

5 Days—Now 30 seconds

In future, stop every Cold with Nostroline nasal remedy. Relief in 30 seconds. 'Nostroline' banishes infection. Flu cannot even start. 'Nostroline' ends Catarrh, Head Noises, Deafness, Stuffiness. One touch clears head, opens breathing passages. 1/3 all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J. 67, *Clifton, Bristol.*

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies' Men's, Juveniles & Tandems Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

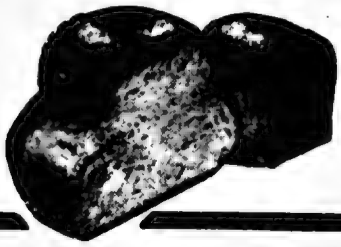
5/2 now

Keep fit for work

The more work a woman does, the more BREAD she ought to eat at every meal because no other food equals

BREAD FOR ENERGY

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD



C.F.H. 218

THE COST OF FOUR BOXES OF MATCHES PER DAY... BUYS A VACTRIC

Compare the daily saving of drudgery that an efficient vacuum cleaner brings, with the few pence a Vactric costs... you'll realise it's false economy to be without one! You can own the "Popular" model illustrated, complete with all accessories, fully guaranteed for 12 months, and soundly built with Vactric's 12 years' experience, for 2/- weekly deferred terms or £6.12.6 Cash.

The larger Models, "Silent Q" and "Airflo" cost £12.12.0 each, or 3/- weekly deferred terms.

VACTRIC
ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

NON-CANVASSING COUPON

Vactric, Ltd., Cricklewood, London.
Please send all details of Vactric Cleaners.

NAME ....

ADDRESS..............................

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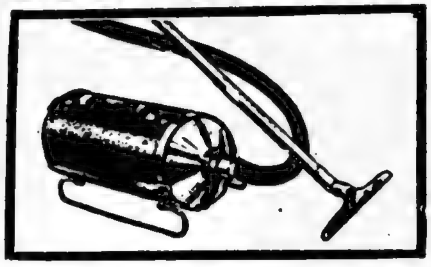
J.B. 1/1.



WE SHALL BE HOME TO TEA

but what does that mean exactly? *Is* it your home, or every month do you have to pay out hard earned money to your landlord? Have you realized that probably without spending a penny more you could be *buying* your house? The Abbey Road has ample funds available to help you to own your own home.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1.
Sir Harold Bellman, Man: Director

6v8—233

MY WAR STORY

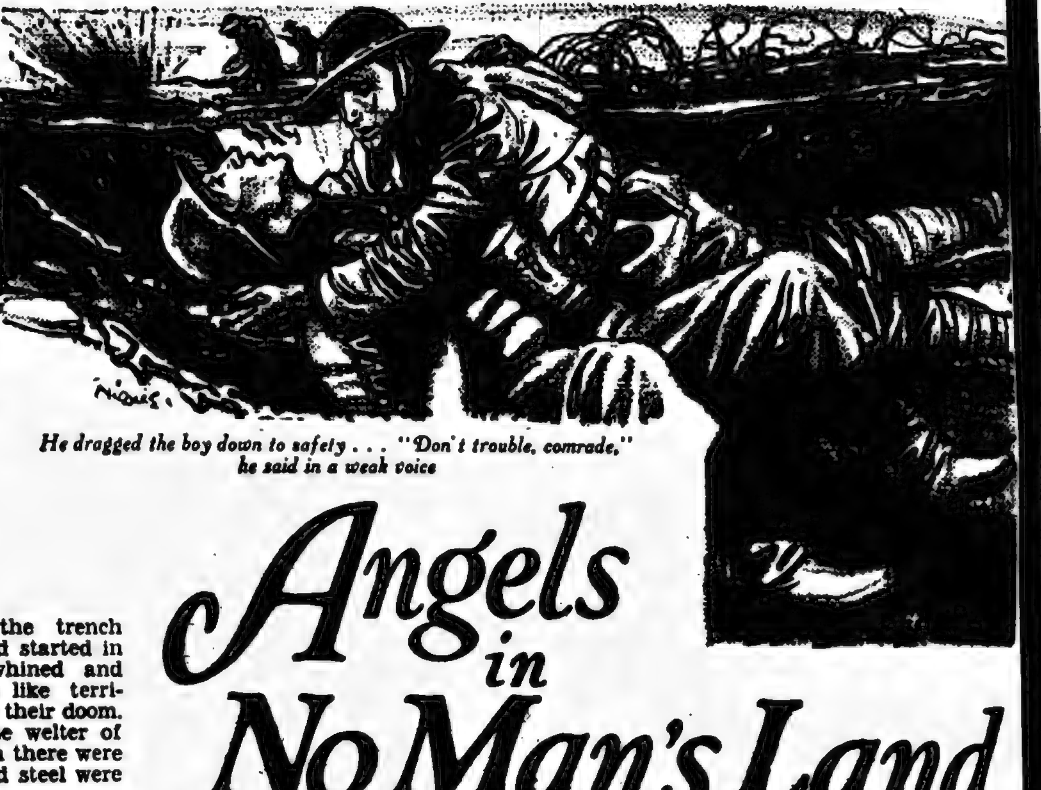
By Registered Reader No. 668,443R

CONRAD Phillips, who is visiting "John Bull" Registered Readers in their homes, and writing the thrill of their lives into true short stories, has just been in Manchester in search of a war reminiscence.

After calling upon scores of readers, many of whom he found too young to have been in the war, he obtained the following story from Mr. A. Homer, of 8, Cross Street, Manchester, to whom £5 5s. has been sent.

This tale emphasises the futility of war, and reveals that at heart mankind is all one family.

Next week's true thrill comes from London.



He dragged the boy down to safety . . . "Don't trouble, comrade," he said in a weak voice

Angels in No Man's Land

THE guns behind the trench where he stood had started in earnest. Shells whined and screamed overhead like terrified things going to their doom. They fell ahead, and in the welter of desolation beyond the trench there were terrific explosions. Mud and steel were sprayed to gigantic heights.

In the dawn parts of trees looked like grotesque monsters from another world, and half-demolished buildings jutted out of the ground like tragic things perpetually haunted by terrible memories.

Compared with the soldiers beside him, he looked very young, and seemed so strangely out of place here on the muddy duck-boards with hell breaking loose all around him.

But this hell that had broken loose in 1914, and had got more and more savage as the years passed, baffled him; indeed, ever since he had been in France he had constantly asked himself the reason for this vast conspiracy to butcher human beings.

For his part, he had no personal animosity against the Germans; in fact, before he went to France he had never even seen a German. It all seemed so mad.

As he waited for the word "Go" his mind flashed back to the beautiful countryside around Manchester that he had known as a boy.

★

To him, then, the future loomed promisingly before him. He wanted to grow up and work and marry, and, maybe, have children.

He recalled the parting scene he had with his mother just before he left to join the Army. Like millions of other mothers the world over, she had tried to be brave, but mingling with a smile in her eyes were tears that welled up from the remotest part of her being.

Marching away to war, he never dreamt that France would be like he found it; indeed, he still imagined war to be something like that he had played with his schoolmates only a few years before.

In these games they dressed themselves up as Red Indians and cowboys, and had shot at each other with blunt arrows. When one of these found their mark, the boy hit would fall down and pretend to be wounded.

Suddenly, hearing his officer's command to go over the top, these speculations faded into the background, and once more he became the disciplined soldier he had been trained to be. Gripping his rifle, he clambered with the other men over the parapet and dashed through the mud towards the enemy's line. Guns at both sides blazed everywhere, and the air seemed to be full of flying steel.

Indifferent to all this, he and the others swept on. It was as if they were being drawn by some unseen magnet. Now and then one of his comrades threw up his arms and, with a terrible shriek, collapsed in the mud, but there was no time to see who he was.

After a few minutes he found himself with three other soldiers on the brink of a shell hole. It seemed incredible that with shells bursting all around him he should still be alive.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash, followed by a terrific explosion, which resounded, it seemed, in his whole body. He vaguely remembered the acrid smell of gunpowder, and falling over into the shell hole. Then everything went black. Only momentarily stunned, he soon regained his senses. Then he was conscious of a numbness in his leg, and of his inability to move it.

For a few minutes he lay in the shell hole dazed. The terrible barrage was still in progress. Shells exploded all around him, and in the distance the rattle of machine guns kept up incessantly.

Then there were the awful shrieks of mortally wounded men, lying out there in the mud, and overhead the sky was obscured with black smoke.

Presently he heard a man groaning a little way above him. Realising that the poor devil was exposed to flying bits of shrapnel that might kill him, he mustered all his strength and crawled up the side of the crater, dragging his wounded leg behind him. Coming to the top later, he saw a German soldier, even younger than himself, wriggling on his back.

Without reasoning why, he dragged this boy down to safety. A dark red patch on the side of his tunic told him that he was bleeding. Forgetting his own wound, he proceeded to rip open the tunic with the object of putting a pad on the wound to stop the bleeding.

"Don't trouble, comrade," the boy said in a weak, guttural voice, "it is too late. In a moment I die. I feel life running away from me." He paused and gasped for breath. "But, but," he stammered, "would you please send back photo to mein mudder. In my toonic pocket. Address on back. Maybe when war over you send. Tell her I die brave." With that, he heaved an awful sigh, after which he was no more.

★

The young soldier later discovered the photograph in the boy's pocket. It was that of a woman who was not unlike his own mother. She was standing smiling with two children by her side.

As he thought of the millions of other mothers all over the world whose sons were murdering each other, he blinked in dismay. Why should it be? Weren't all men the same? What difference was there, except perhaps language and country?

It appeared so unnecessary and so stupid. He wished he could close his eyes and wake up in a nice clean English field where the sun was shining, and see the grave faces of his school pals peering down at him and pretending that he was wounded.

He wished, too, that he could get the generals of each side to talk this madness over, and get them to agree to murder no more in earnest. But what was the use; they wouldn't do that. They would go on killing and killing until they were all dead.

★

Dragging his body over the mud, he made his way towards his own trenches. Much of the firing had now ceased, and files of German prisoners with their hands over their heads were being marched towards the British lines.

Everywhere he looked he saw corpses smothered with blood and mud. When he had gone a little way, a German prisoner picked him up and gave him a pick-a-back.

Having reached his own lines, he was taken to the casualty clearing station, where his wounds were dressed, and subsequently they sent him down the line to a general hospital, where men were being patched up, maybe to be blown to bits next time.

Mr. Homer was not able to write to the German boy's mother, because while he was being taken to hospital the photograph entrusted to him was lost, but he has often wondered who she was, and has regretted that he has not had the opportunity of telling her how bravely her son died.

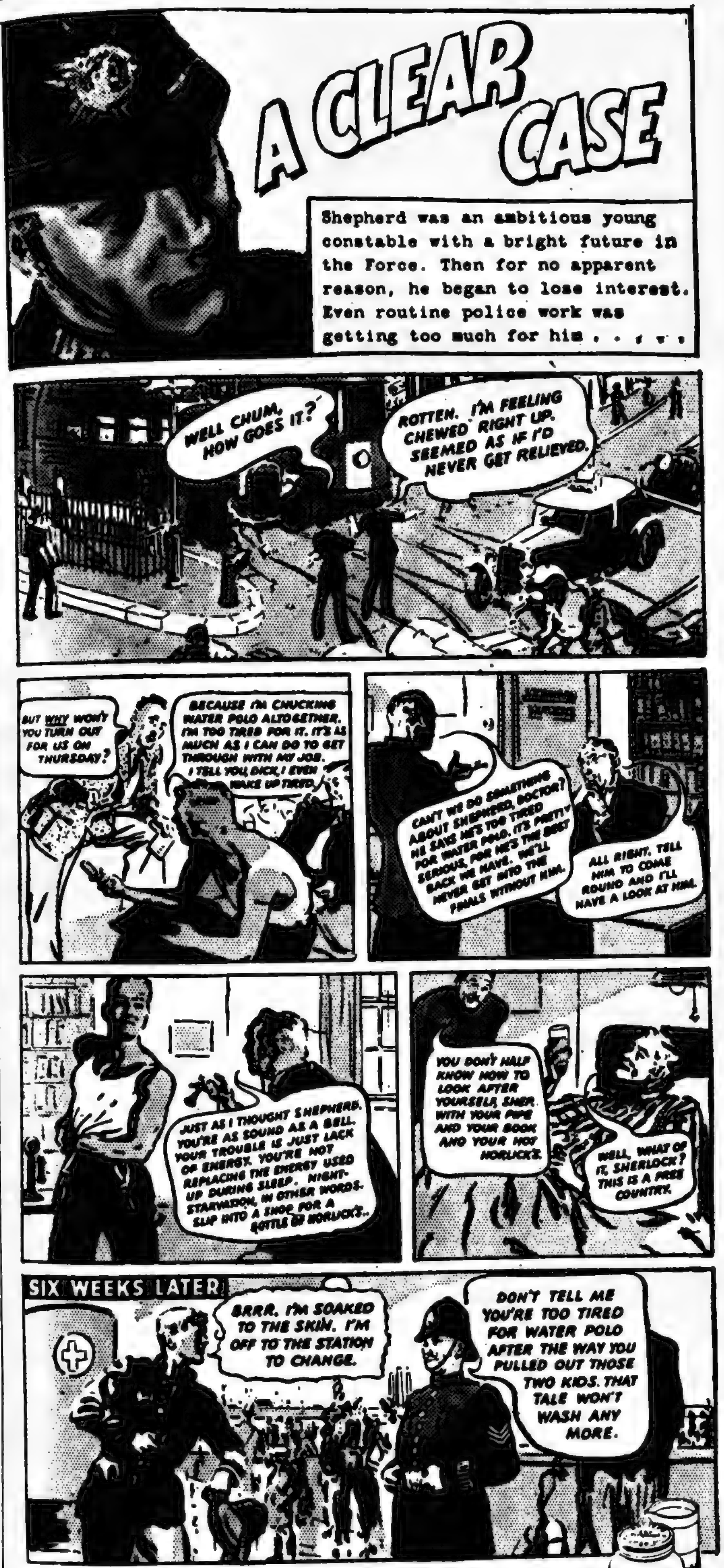
The Best Remedy for RHEUMATISM

It is the custom, when one rheumatic sufferer meets another, to pass on any recommendation that will lead to the disappearance of the awful pain that only victims of rheumatism understand.

For months now the recommendation passed from lip to lip has always been the same—Fynnon Salt, Nature's Salt of the Earth, for Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Neuritis, Sciatica and kindred ills.

Fynnon Salt reproduces the precious spa mineral waters, world famous for their curative and cleansing properties. There is nothing like them for reducing the acid deposits in the liver and kidneys, reducing the various fatty formations, and giving the important organs more play to carry out their functions.

One teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in water is as good for rheumatism as three glasses of Mineral Spring Water. Think what this means to you—spa treatment at home for a mere trifle. If you suffer from Rheumatism, go to your chemist for a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt. In a short time you will enjoy better health than you have done for years.


A CLEAR CASE
Shepherd was an ambitious young constable with a bright future in the Force. Then for no apparent reason, he began to lose interest. Even routine police work was getting too much for him . . . . .
WELL CHUM, HOW GOES IT?
ROTTEN. I'M FEELING CHEWED RIGHT UP. SEEMED AS IF I'D NEVER GET RELIEVED.
BUT WHY WON'T YOU TURN OUT FOR US ON THURSDAY?
BECAUSE I'M CHUCKING WATER POLO ALTOGETHER. I'M TOO TIRED FOR IT. IT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN DO TO GET THROUGH WITH MY JOB. I TELL YOU, DICK, I EVEN WAKE UP TIRED.
CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT SHEPHERD, DOCTOR? HE SAYS HE'S TOO TIRED FOR WATER POLO. IT'S PRETTY SERIOUS, FOR HE'S THE BEST BACK WE HAVE. WE'LL NEVER GET INTO THE FINALS WITHOUT HIM.
ALL RIGHT. TELL HIM TO COME ROUND AND I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT HIM.
JUST AS I THOUGHT SHEPHERD. YOU'RE AS SOUND AS A BELL. YOUR TROUBLE IS JUST LACK OF ENERGY. YOU'RE NOT REPLACING THE ENERGY USED UP DURING SLEEP. NIGHT-STARVATION, IN OTHER WORDS. SLIP INTO A SHOP FOR A BOTTLE OF HORLICK'S..
YOU DON'T HALF KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, SHEP. WITH YOUR PIPE AND YOUR BOOK AND YOUR HOT HORLICK'S.
WELL, WHAT OF IT, SHERLOCK? THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY.
SIX WEEKS LATER
BRRR. I'M SOAKED TO THE SKIN. I'M OFF TO THE STATION TO CHANGE.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE TOO TIRED FOR WATER POLO AFTER THE WAY YOU PULLED OUT THOSE TWO KIDS. THAT TALE WON'T WASH ANY MORE.

P.C. SHEPHERD was a brawny six-footer, but "Night-Starvation" is no respecter of persons. People in every walk of life are victims of this persistent tired feeling, which clings to them from the moment they wake up. Energy has been used up during sleep, and they've no idea how to replace it.

Horlick's can create the new energy they need. A hot cup regularly at bed-time sees you wake refreshed and ready for the day. Most important of all, Horlick's guards against "Night-Starvation." Plain or Chocolate Flavoured, prices from 2/-. Horlick's Mixer 6d. & 1/-.

HORLICK'S

TREACHEROUS WEATHER

EAT NUTTALL'S MINTOES

PER 1 QR.

Send for this special

FREE RECIPE BOOK

An interesting and valuable free book of great use to every housewife and cook is offered in the LYLE'S GOLDEN SYRUP announcement on p. 30. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Tate and Lyle, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 21, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3, and get your free copy.

HIS HIGHNESS APPRECIATES YOUR SHINY GRATE, DARLING!
YES, HE CRIED FOR THE ZEBO TIN WHEN I WAS DOING IT THIS MORNING.

Zebo liquid grate polish has these advantages

1 — ZEBO IS EASIER TO USE. All you do is shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, apply to the grate, give a brisk polish, and it's done! There's no need for elaborate preparations. Just unscrew the top and use this liquid polish straight from the tin.

2 — ZEBO GIVES QUICK, LASTING RESULTS. A little Zebo and the dullest grate sparkles. And, remember, you can keep your grate shining all the week round by giving it a quick rub with Zebo when you've cleared the ashes. It's so quick. That's the advantage of using Zebo.

SPECIAL NOTE. You'll be delighted to find how long a 6d. tin of Zebo lasts. Zebo's handy cap prevents it from drying up — so that you can use it to the last drop. There's absolutely no waste. Zebo saves time, too. It's so quick and easy to use.

RECKITT & SONS LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

ZEBO THE MODERN POLISH FOR GRATES

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS NEW WAY OF SHAVING?

FREE Trial Tube

CORO-SHAVE gives you a clean, comfortable shave without soap or hot water, and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as satin. A free seven-day trial tube will be sent in return for a 1½d. stamp to cover packing. Write to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 359), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

COS 8-99

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-

SPY!

Underground BATTLE Without ARMISTICE

Pretty Marianne Emig—the accomplice of the spy Goertz—"she is not forgotten by the Special Branch"

IN a way it is as if war had already begun. Not an onslaught by massed battalions, giant bombers, heavy guns; but a secret penetration of defence by men whose reward will not be the medals awarded to heroism, but cash. Who, in defeat, will be disowned by the countries they serve. Spies!

There are more spies at work to-day in Britain than at any time in our history—during the Great War, and before. Many more. And counter-spies. Many more, too.

This is not mere supposition, or romance. Or sensationalism. It is a bare statement of hard fact. The Government knows it. The armament firms know it. The intelligence services, the police know it. There is no reason why you should not know it.

It is an incontestable truth that the greatest spy campaign this country has ever known is now in full swing.

There are many things they want to know—these rat-men who are trying to burrow their runways under the defences of our secrets. Here are some of them.

They want to know what that remarkable "hush-hush" fighting aeroplane of ours can do. To know intimate details of a marvellous new ship now shaping for the Navy. The design of our latest tanks.

The striking power of the 14-inch gun to be mounted on the new super battleships *King George V* and the *Prince of Wales*. The worth of the special high-resistance steel armour that we are using for new war-vessels. All about the listening apparatus that has been devised to detect the approach of enemy planes and submarines.

That's why the espionage business is a big industry. A growing one. An organised one. Such a lot to find out!

WHY, there is actually in London a sort of broker who deals in war-secrets. Just as a broker in Mincing Lane deals in spice or currants, he buys information about ships and guns and planes for as little as he can, and sells it abroad at the topmost price he can get.

The rewards are high. A good spy can always command his price. Andrew McMahon, who was sent to prison over that revolver incident in which the King was concerned, received as much as £300 from a foreign power on one occasion for information about shipments of arms. According to his own admission!

The pay needs to be high. The penalty of failure is unpleasant. Even if in peacetime it does not mean a walk, through the raw morning air, to a quiet spot where the firing squad waits, it means, at any rate, a discreet trial behind guarded swing-doors with the notice "In Camera" hanging on them, and a withdrawal from the world for—perhaps, several years. Dr. Hermann Goertz, the German lawyer-novelist, knows what it means, for instance. He was too interested in Manston Aerodrome. His interest was noticed. His reward was—not a sackful of gold, but four years' imprisonment. Which will teach Dr. Goertz a lesson to be more careful.

For the terriers are waiting at the rat-holes all the time. They are pretty quick once they smell the rat.

Take the case of young Eric Camp. As it turned out, he was not a spy. He was merely a foolish person. He had in his possession secret details of the mystery 'plane to which he had no right. He had just erred in ignorance. No matter. The moment he became an object of suspicion action was taken against him with extraordinary speed. Two days after the first whisper reached the Special Branch of Scotland Yard the preliminary investigation was complete . . . a warrant was out . . . Camp was in custody. . . . He was already on the road to that secret, honest trial at which he was acquitted of everything except folly. A trial behind closed doors.

Make no mistake about it. If we are paying more for our defence, we are also paying more for the defence of our defence. We've got to. It is one of the penalties of an armament race. We've got to be ready to send men of the Special Branch to any of the hundred places where a leakage of information may take place—the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, the naval dockyards, arms, chemical and aircraft factories. To keep them there for days—and weeks—and months.

If we have got to pile up arms, to pile up secrets, and therefore to defend those secrets, then the money we spend on the Special Branch is not wasted. They never give up the trail; they do not forget. Even if you and I forget. They have not forgotten the pretty girl Marianne Emig, who helped Dr. Goertz. Or "Marie Louise," the spy vamp, who persuaded Lieutenant Baillie Stewart, the "Officer in the Tower," to betray his country. I should be sorry for them—or shouldn't I?—if they tried to land in England.

IT was to make this task of defence for the Special Branch more easy that the Air Ministry "shadow factory" scheme came into being. If you make parts of a machine in, say, a dozen new factories, and assemble them in one, it is more simple to guard against disclosure than if you make the whole at each of your twelve works. One essential centre to be made invulnerable instead of a dozen!

And then besides the official spy-catchers there are a multitude of would-be counter-spies for duty at home and abroad. More than they know what to do with. Amateurs, some of them, who think it would be fun to dabble in espionage. Feel like heroes in a Sydney Horler or Francis Beeding novel. But some of them are queer fish, very queer fish, indeed!

Take Mr. McMahon, already mentioned. I defy anyone—even a lawyer—to say he was not a queer fish—a very queer one! He was a spy. He said so. He worked for two people at once. He ran with the hare and he hunted with the hounds. While he was ostensibly spying for a foreign Power, his reports to his foreign paymasters were largely faked. Everything he put in them he passed on to the British counter-espionage service. Which was fine.

BUT you can see the trouble that sort of thing makes for the spy-controller! Like working out a crossword puzzle with a few million possible solutions. "Is Spy Jones selling me the truth," asks the spy-controller, "or has he sold it to someone else? Or is he selling me what someone else wants me to think is the truth? Has he sold to the foreigner what I told him to say, or has he 'dished' both of us, and is collecting the cash for his new radio off a third!" Questions which take some answering.

Well, if we *will* go in for the armaments race, we've got to expect it.

There you are. All the material for your thriller! And true: hard, strong facts. But unfortunately in real life the glamour is not there. It all ends in the sale of a great nation's secrets like the sale of a pair of old trousers to a secondhand clothes dealer. Or in dock among the drunks, and in jail with the house-breakers Which is what Romance is like—in real life.—S. B. W.

NIGHT OF GALE

A WEEK ago the newspapers were full of descriptions of gale damage, of ships driven on the docks, people killed in buildings that collapsed.

But thousands of minor disasters that go unrecorded have to be taken into account before the full toll of a raging nor'-easter can be estimated.

There is a recent experience of a South Wales family, for instance. Their little home confronts with an air of challenge the gales that go whistling up the valleys. For years it stood impregnable.

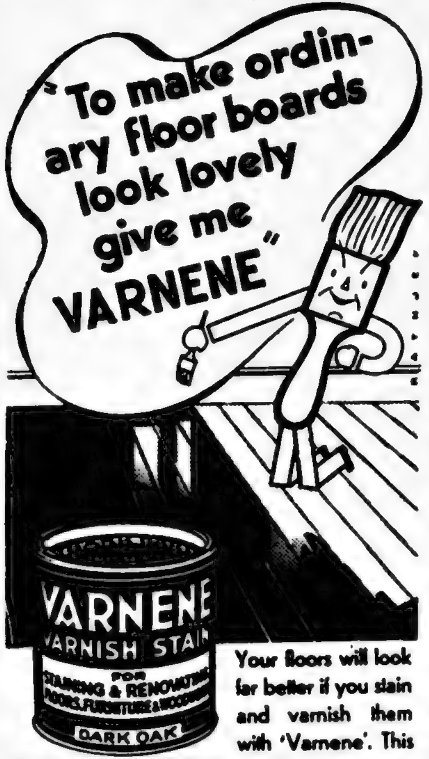
But at last it had to taste defeat. Its chimney-stack tottered before a particularly savage gust, crashed through the roof and fell into the kitchen-scullery.

Not until choking clouds of dust had subsided was it realised how much damage had been done.

An incident of the gale. Yet such dire misfortunes are tragic enough, as a rule, to the people they concern.

Happily, it was not so in this case, for the reason that the householder had qualified, at no cost whatsoever, for the protection of JOHN BULL's unique free family insurance scheme. JOHN BULL paid. And all because of the simple act of filling up a coupon.

It is reprinted for your benefit on page 4 of this issue. Why not turn to it now?



"To make ordinary floor boards look lovely give me VARNENE"

Your floors will look far better if you stain and varnish them with 'Varnene'. This finer quality Varnish stain imparts to ordinary floor boards the lovely colouring of the natural woods. Its tough finish will not chip and offers utmost resistance to wear and scratch. Also excellent for renovating furniture.

From Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, etc. In Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

TINS 6d., 1/- & 1/6

VARNENE
THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT
OIL VARNISH STAIN

Made by Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4
V.B.B. 39

ONE OF THE FAMILY

who needs your help now

At this time of the year your dog gets less exercise, and you give him richer foods. Under this double handicap, it is difficult for him to be fit and grow a thick coat for protection against cold and damp. He needs Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which keep dogs fit by purifying the blood. Nourished by pure blood, your dog's coat will grow dense and take on a lovely 'bloom.' What is more, he'll be safe from winter lassitude and sickness, or troubles like scratching and eczema. Begin *now*—and see the difference *regular* Bob Martin's will make to your dog.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

SMOKE
Penetrates

WARM MEDICAL SMOKE LOOSENS PHLEGM IN NOSE AND THROAT CLOGGED BY

CATARRH

When the breathing passages in head and nose are clogged up with mucus and phlegm, smoke a Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarette (no tobacco). As the warm medical smoke penetrates deep through the breathing passages, it deposits healing medication on the irritated membranes soothing them and quickly removes the congestion.

Thousands of sufferers from Catarrh, Coughs and Colds, have found this an effective way to stop congestion in nose and throat and restore easy breathing. All Chemists, or for FREE SAMPLE CIGARETTES—address: Dr. Blosser, Ltd., Dept. 121.L.P., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

New Enlarged Package—Old Price

Dr. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

The Little Cigar Habit *is growing!*

Light up a Marcella Whiff on the way home. The cool, rich fragrance of these choice little cigars is a real compensation for the activities of a tiring day.

MARCELLA *Whiffs*

3 *for* 6d
5 *for* 10d
10 *for* 1/8

M. W. 17

Quickest Healer for all Festering Sores and Itching Eruptions

If you suffer from a disfiguring, distressing skin eruption, medical science cannot offer you a surer, quicker remedy than this simple Cuticura treatment which is the result of long research by a physician specialising in the treatment of skin diseases.

FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS:

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery. The comfort and benefit even from the first application will amaze and delight you.

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OINTMENT AND SOAP
Made in England

Cuticura
SOAP
MEDICINAL
TOILET
Cuticura

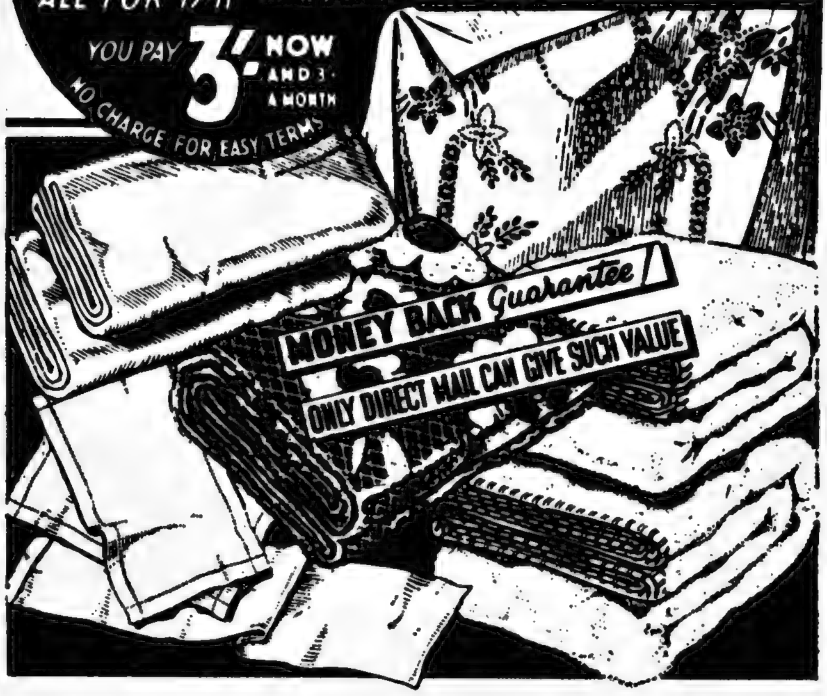
Use **CUTICURA TALCUM** after the bath. It is the perfect finishing touch and keeps you delightfully fresh and fragrant all day long.

LOOK, YOU SAVE 6'8 ON THE OUTFIT

Complete 9 PIECE BEDDING BALE
ALL FOR 17/11 POSTAGE 9d EXTRA
YOU PAY 3/- NOW AND 3/- A MONTH
NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS

2 Cotton Blankets	Value 7/11
2 Cotton Twill Sheets	Value 5/6
2 Pillow Cases	Value 1/6
1 Bolster Case	Value 1/3
1 Jacre Spread	Value 3/6
1 Alhambra Quilt	Value 4/11

OUR BARGAIN PRICE IS – 17/11 INSTEAD OF ~~24/7~~


MONEY BACK Guarantee
ONLY DIRECT MAIL CAN GIVE SUCH VALUE

Included in this Bargain Bale are just the things every woman uses daily—Sheets, Blankets, Pillow Cases, Quilt, Spread and Bolster. A handsome and sensible group for every bed . . . one that will please with long service as well as low price.

You save 6/8 by ordering complete outfit. Try our easy terms of 3/- a month; you'll never miss this small sum monthly, and will have it paid quickly.

Same Price for Cash or Easy Terms. *No* discount for Cash—*No* charge for Terms. In fact, we prefer that you do not pay cash. We want you to know how easy it is to use our sensible credit system to buy home and personal needs. We believe that 4 months to 12 months are "sensible terms" for the average working man.

We guarantee our prices to be equal to or lower than any cash prices in all England. That is our proof to you that we make *No Charge for Easy Terms.*

As far as we can learn, we are the first and only concern in England to give "Easy Terms" at Cash Prices with *No Charge for Credit.*

Two sheets of fine-woven heavy and durable unbleached twill, in size 70 x 90 inches, select, strong cotton yarns to give many years of service.

Two "Snowy White" hemstitched bleached cotton pillow cases, size 19 x 30 inches.

One Bolster Case in same fine white bleached cotton, size 19 x 54 inches.

Two "Downey Nap" Cotton Blankets of soft, heavy, warm, quality yarns that give many years' wear. Whipped ends, and size 66 x 86 inches.

One Quilt in a neat, delightful Floral pattern. It is also of real heavy quality to ensure long wear.

One Beautiful Bedspread in choice of five guaranteed fast colours. You may have it in Rose, Blue, Gold, Green or Helio, approximately 80 x 100 inches. A Spread with just a final touch of beauty to "make the bed."

We take ALL the risk. We guarantee to please you, or cheerfully refund your first payment, plus return postage cost, if you are not highly pleased.

Be ready for the cold weather with this neat, warm, and handsome outfit. At this bargain price, you'll want a set for each bed.

So order your trial set on approval to-day to prove the value; compare the price and examine before you buy.

Order Bedding Bale No. A.2V1000—9 pieces for 17/11 and 9d. postage.

PIN 3/- POSTAL ORDER TO THIS COUPON

To Marshall Ward, Limited,
Mare Street, London, E.8.

I enclose 3/- for the 9-piece Bargain Bedding Bale No. A.2V1000 to be sent me on approval. If I return the Bale, you are to refund my 3/-, and also the cost of return charges. Otherwise I will pay 3/- each month until your special price is paid.

Colour of Spread ....
(Colour of quilt will match spread.)

Name { Husband....................................
Wife....................................

Address ....

Town ....

County ....

Occupation....................................

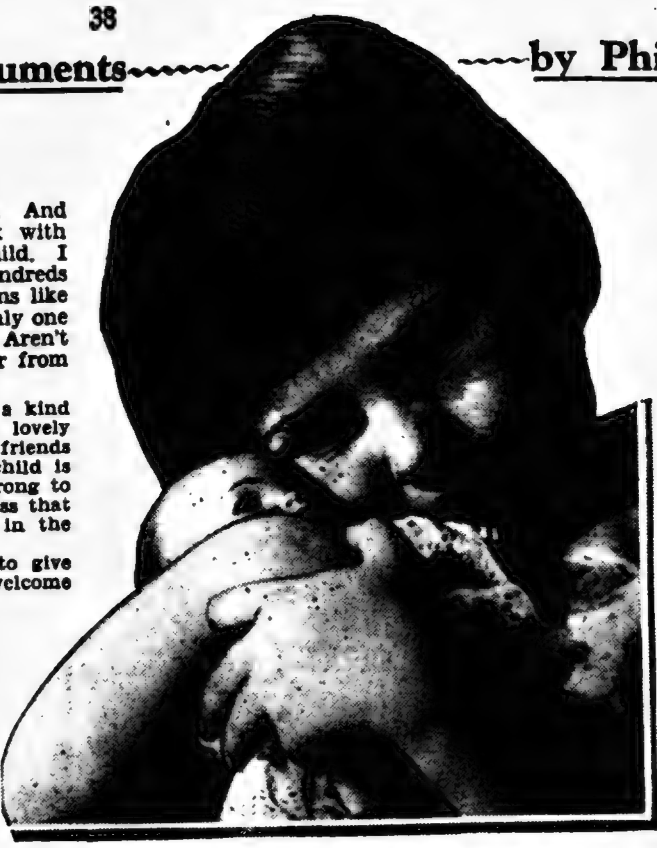
This offer applies only to England, Scotland and Wales.
(16) 7.11.36

MW VALUE

MARSHALL WARD LTD.
MARE STREET, LONDON, E.8.

Human Documents — by Philip Inman

Is It FAIR to the ONLY CHILD?



Where circumstances allow, it is better to have more than one child in the home. An only child is liable to be spoiled, to become lonely

THIS article is for parents. And I want to have a talk with them about the only child. I must have received hundreds of letters asking questions like these: Is it a mistake to have only one child? Don't they get spoiled? Aren't they lonely? Listen to this letter from one of my correspondents:—

"I am happily married, having a kind and considerate husband and a lovely little boy of three. Many of my friends keep asking me when the next child is coming along, saying that it is wrong to have only one. Now I must confess that I don't want any more children in the present circumstances.

"If my husband could afford to give me more money I would gladly welcome another baby, for I adore them. But though his work is regular, he only gets very small wages. We manage to live just comfortably, but I am sure we could not maintain a larger family.

"I cannot help but think of my childhood days. I was one of five, and owing to illness and unemployment my poor mother never knew where the next meal was coming from and the worry of it all killed her when she was only forty years old.

"I want our boy to have good food, holidays and toys, which I used to long for when I was a child. Do you think these things are more important than giving him a little brother or sister as a companion? At present he plays very happily with a neighbour's children."

Now, to have another child in the circumstances she has outlined would not be fair to herself, her husband or her little boy. What would happen? She would start to worry. And worry, as we know, is the quickest road to ill-health. And everybody in that home would suffer in consequence.

My correspondent raises the question of companionship for her child. But she tells me there are other young folk living in the neighbourhood. The problem is therefore not so acute as it would be if they were living in an isolated district.

But even when these things are said, I do hope her husband's position will improve so that they can provide adequately for a second child without depriving the first one of life's real necessities. I say that because for so many reasons I am strongly in favour of having more than one child in the home. A great many people, including my next correspondent, share that view.

● ● ● ●

THIS woman writes:—

"I am thirty-nine years of age and have one little girl, aged nine. I have longed year after year for another child, and only a few months ago I thought my desires were to be fulfilled. But you can understand my intense grief for this little baby girl passed away after only living for two days, and it makes me feel nervous of ever having another.

"I have wondered whether, by adopting a baby, this intense longing and grief could be eased. I feel that it would, and that I should love such a child as my own. We are in comfortable circumstances and my husband shares my opinion. But his relations speak very strongly against adopting children, and say it wouldn't be fair to my little girl or to the adopted baby. I should be so grateful for your advice as I have no people of my own."

Now this correspondent has recently passed through a tragic experience. Her outlook is naturally clouded by it. It makes her nervous of ever having another child. But there is no reason why she should either lose heart or hope.

My advice to my correspondent is that first of all she should see the doctor who attended her in her recent confinement. He may be able to convince her that the trouble would not be likely to happen again.

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IF he is in any doubt he will probably give her a letter to the obstetrician of the nearest hospital. And that specialist's opinion should be of great help.

If he thinks that the risk would be too great, then I think her suggestion of adopting a child is a very wise one.

Neither her husband nor herself ought to worry one jot about what relations say. A little adopted bairn would help to fill the blank in this woman's life.

Statistics prove that in more than 80 per cent. of cases the only child grows up to manhood or womanhood. The danger of losing one, therefore, is not very great. But, of course, it is there. And its sad consequences are seen in a letter like this one:—

"Five years ago some people in this village lost their only child, a very bright and attractive boy of seven. During his illness, lasting six months, I was in and out of their house, trying to help in any way I could. Since his death his mother has attached herself to me, and while I know her affection is genuine, now that I am married, I feel it very trying to have her continually in the house.

"All my efforts to get her to rouse herself in any way are hopeless, and she can speak of nothing but the boy. Her only pleasure is to come to me with one of his cherished toys or a plant from his garden, and she looks so pitiful and brings me these gifts so often that I haven't the heart to say anything to her.

"I have tried hard to persuade her to move away from the district to a town where her husband has been offered work, but it is of no avail. We have our own grief, and have taken a baby girl into our home to bring up in place of our own, and although she knows what a joy this baby is to us I cannot get her to do likewise. I am told that I am the only one who can do anything for her. Can you suggest any way that I can help her to help herself?"

Sympathy is one of life's grandest and greatest qualities. But like every good thing it can be overdone. And when that happens it fosters that miserable trait—self-pity. That, I fear, is what has happened here.

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EVERYBODY must feel the greatest sorrow for a woman who loses her only child. But in this case five years have passed and it is time this woman roused herself from her grief. I say this for her own sake as well as for those who live around her.

But how is she to do this? There is only one way—as my correspondent has indicated. She must find some means of filling that aching void. Could not my correspondent induce her to visit one of the adoption homes?

Even I, a mere man, felt the tug of the heartstrings as a little mite with grey eyes and curly hair threw out her arms to me.

And I have known other people who have had a similar experience and have found it irresistible.

If there is no possible hope of this plan succeeding then someone must have a straight talk with that woman.

My correspondent has done her utmost. I suggest that she should now enlist the aid of her clergyman or her doctor.

They will, I hope, induce that woman to take up some work or become interested in some object that will relieve her mind and occupy her time.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Greatest of These

No Childhood

Norman

SOME children never know real childhood. Norman is one.

His father has been out of work for nine years. Also, he has been crippled with rheumatism for five years. No pick-a-backs, no fun, with a poor daddy like that.

Just 39s. 6d. a week is going into the house. Norman cannot get all the food he wants out of that, let alone Saturday pennies.

Mummie has been terribly ill since last May. She is now on the danger list—although Norman doesn't really appreciate what that means.

Only one of seven children is of wage-earning age. And with so much to be done for mother, the house to run, and a little brother of eight suffering from valvular disease of the heart, it wouldn't be fair of him to go out to work—even if he could get a job.

Who would like to bring a smile to Norman's face? They can do so by sending a donation earmarked "Norman." If it is preferred to help the General Fund, letters should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary. In both cases, the address is JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept there, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

At the Tram STOP—

He STOPPED His GASTRIC SUFFERING

'Last Friday I was so ill with gastric trouble that in the forenoon I had to give up work. I could not really walk, I staggered. At the tram stop there is a chemist's shop, and there was a display carton of 'Rennies' on the counter, so I thought I may as well try a 6d. packet. Sitting on a doorstep waiting for a tram home. I began chewing these like sweets. A few minutes afterwards the tram came. Automatically I got off the doorstep and I was on the tram before I realised I didn't feel so bad as I did. I hopped off that tram quick, and decided to chance going back to work. The 6d. packet lasted me until I got my wages, but on Friday night, 5 o'clock, I went to the chemist's for a 1/9d. packet at a jog-trot!'

J. J., Salford.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised, indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're wrapped in wax paper.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet.

For Children's COUGHS

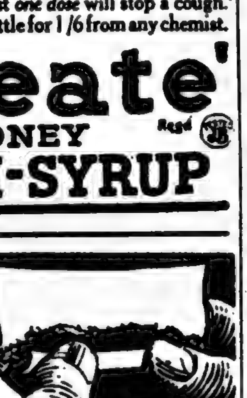
London DOCTOR always uses 'PINEATE'

When a *doctor* prescribes a remedy you *know* it's good, don't you? Well, here's what Dr. A. F., physician at a large clinic in East London, writes:

"I find 'Pineate' excellent for Bronchial Catarrh. Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child . . . . ."

Doctors, nurses and school matrons all over the country use and recommend 'Pineate' for children's bronchial trouble. Just *one dose* will stop a cough. Try it; you can get a bottle for 1/6 from any chemist.

'Pineate' Brand Regd HONEY COUGH-SYRUP



HAVE BETTER SMOKES AND SAVE

BY ROLLING IN AG PAPERS

FIT ALL MACHINES

HOW TO TREAT A STOMACH PAIN

When your stomach is healthy and well, you never think of its existence. But when it is out of sorts for any reason you know all about it. Pain sets in—sometimes very severe, nagging pain.

What are you to do? You certainly must do something. In nine cases out of ten the remedy is simple enough—a dose or two of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You must have read of case after case, many of them much worse than yours, where blessed relief has come almost in a twinkling. Flatulence, heartburn, dyspepsia, even gastric and duodenal ulcers, have had to yield to the soothing and healing properties of this modern miracle worker.

It will be strange indeed if *your* pain does not disappear as all the others have done. Anyway, you can confidently turn to MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—you can easily tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Thankful you will be that you took such a simple short cut to lasting stomach peace. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

A real good 'fill' at *Eightpence*

'Yes . . . Digger is my brand . . . always has been. No finer Empire Tobacco ever went into a pipe . . . and when it comes to coolness and quality, well—there's nothing to touch it for the money!'

PLAYER'S
DIGGER
FLAKE

8D PER OZ.

PLAYER'S
"DIGGER"
FLAKE
EMPIRE GROWN
JOHN PLAYER & SONS.
NOTTINGHAM
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.
OZ. PACKET

also SHAG MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd P.D.40

Outdoor Workers! *Beware* SCIATICA

There is no need to lose a single day's pay because of darting throbbing pain in hips and thighs. Attack the pain at once — get rid of it with Sloans. Apply gently to the painful spot — it penetrates by itself (no need to inflict more pain by rubbing) — and instantly a flow of healing warmth disperses congestion, soothes the nerves and banishes the pain.

Men and women whose daily work keeps them exposed to changeable wintry weather; athletes; sportsmen; all who work hard and play hard, as well as those who suffer from rheumatic ailments, find Sloans Brand Liniment 100% effective for aches and pains. Sloans is a concentrated medicament made from the original formula of Dr. Sloan, containing *active* ingredients only. There is no waste—it penetrates by itself; you don't use it up by rubbing.

SURE relief from pain of
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA, NEURITIS
BACKACHE
SPRAINS, BRUISES
ACHES AND PAINS
No rubbing required

Get a bottle to-day. Look for the portrait of Dr. Sloan on the package you buy.

At all Chemists 1/9 per bottle.
MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOANS
Brand Liniment
KILLS PAIN

RE-AWAKEN and FEED THOSE HAIR ROOTS

"My hair fell out," writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again.

"Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53 FD.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....

Use Snowfire Tablet
to heal rough sore hands

3d. Family Size 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

on CHILLY DAYS - DISCRETION PAYS!
TAKE
NIPITS
VOICE THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
of all confectioners .. 1D PKTS 3D TINS

FREE TEST

BUNIONS
PAIN STOPS / SWELLING REDUCED!

Amazing results with Ped-Eezi, the new scientific treatment. Highly recommended—absolutely harmless—easily applied—enables sufferers to wear smaller shoes in comfort. Send for free trial to-day (without obligation).

PED-EEZI PRODUCTS Co.,
11, Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

£50 in cash prizes MUST BE WON!

Make a snappy last line to the rhyme in the Zubes announcement on p. 33. Read the simple conditions and post your entry right away! £25 first prize and many other cash awards are being given away for best entries! Turn to p. 33 NOW!

"All alike, with bright eyes and apple cheeks that are not afraid to face a dawn"

SAGA of 2d. a Barrel

By A Special Investigator

FIVE-THIRTY of a raw October morning. Dark, and a bitter wind blowing out of the nor'-east—straight across the grey North Sea from the Baltic and the bleak Russian tundras. Folk all over Britain snug and warm in bed, sleeping behind a million curtained windows in thousands of empty, silent streets. . .

But down here among the network of barren little houses behind the South Deans, Yarmouth's waterfront, the streets are neither silent nor empty. Lights are on in most of the houses. Listen, and you will hear a queer "clumping" sound down the dark streets, the sound of hundreds of hurrying, heavily shod feet.

It is the "clump-clump" sound of heavy wooden-pegged fishing boots—that, and high Scots voices calling to each other across the streets; laughing and talking and shouting in all the accents of the North—and in "the Gaelic," which seems a language specially invented for carrying across the wind.

These are the Scots lassies away to start their day's work of "trauchlin' the herrin'"—gutting the fish for the curers—a job which starts at 6 a.m. and ends at nine or ten at night.

Here they come, some of the 3,000 of them which descend on Yarmouth at this time of the year to garner the last of the sea harvest of herring.

They are of all ages from sixteen to seventy, all clad alike in heavy oilskin aprons, tied round thick woollen jerseys and scarves, their legs swathed in more oilskin, their feet tucked into those enormous boots. All alike, too, with bright eyes, and apple cheeks that are not afraid to face a dawn.

YOU have heard a lot about them lately. About their strike which paralysed the herring industry for a week, a strike for the restoration of a pay-cut of 2d. a barrel of herrings gutted and packed. They have won their strike now. They get "a shillun" a barrel now (to be shared between a "team" of three of them), which was 10d. before. For a week their strike was a joke in some quarters of the Press, just "jolly fisher lassies" having their bit of fun—marching up and down Yarmouth streets, singing and laughing.

What did they want this 2d. for? Come and watch this crowd which have been setting out on a day's work before the dawn. And see how they live.

They line up beside long benches in teams of three—two "gutters" and one packer. They stand there for sixteen hours a day, with the exception of short breaks for meals, out in the open, hail, rain or snow. They stand ankle-deep in cold slush and fish entrails from dawn till dark, blown on by every wind that blows. All day long gutting herrings and flicking them behind to their packers bent over barrels elbow-deep in brine pickle.

A good team can cut, clean and pack two herrings a second. "Slash, scrape, flip!" every half second the day through.

Thirty barrels a day is about the average of each team of girls. So that 2d. a barrel means 5s. extra between the three of them. Thirty barrels a day means 30s. earned—10s. each. On top of that they get 15s. a week lodging money, which is paid "work or no work." But with the whole lot—earnings and lodging money—and allowing for the days when there is no fish, each girl averages a total of £2 10s. a week.

To set off against that figure remember the nature of the job and the hours worked to earn it. And its penalties—cut and poisoned hands are common. "Sore throats," bronchial troubles and salt sores are commoner still.

REMEMBER, too, that although most of the girls "follow the fleet"—and the herring—round from Lerwick or Stornoway to Yarmouth and work at a half-dozen landing places in between, it is a twenty-one weeks' season at the outside. The other thirty-one weeks have to be provided for—and bring down the average earnings.

And their living conditions provide precious little compensation for that sixteen hours a day toil. There are people who say these Scots lassies are well enough off with their £2 10s. a week. Judge for yourself.

When the curer hires them he pays their fares, but arrived at Yarmouth, or any other place, they find their own lodgings. In Yarmouth there are houses which have let rooms to the Scots girls for generations and the old hands know these places like variety artists know "professional lodgings." For the others the various missions keep a register of houses willing to let rooms to the girls Many of these are workmen's houses on the corporation estate behind the South Deans. Most of these are tenanted by unemployed "glad of the money for lodging the girls."

In these cases the householder lives in the scullery with his family and usually lets a bedroom and front room downstairs to perhaps six girls—three in each room. The girls pay 6s. a week each.

Outside most small grocers and butchers you see a notice—"Scotch girls' weekly books taken." The procedure is that the girls work on weekly credit for purchases, having them entered in a book and paying on Fridays or Saturdays.

The rest of their purchases in Yarmouth are small enough. There is usually somebody at home who wants the money, or it is saved to help out the earnings of fishermen brothers, fathers, or husbands through the long Northern winter; or, as often, it is being saved for "the marriage." In many of those seamen's chests in the bleak lodgings there is half a trousseau, even, with Scots realism and proper expectation of marriage, down to a child's rompers; the whole of it painfully garnered through many a season's "trauchlin" of the herring.

THERE is one recent development, however, which does not please the Yarmouth tradesmen, but *does* please those of the younger generation of girls who like to wear pretty clothes on a Sunday; and that is the "tallymen" who have taken to following the fleet as well as the girls.

These men stock everything, from fur coats of the "genuine coney" type to underwear and silk stockings.

But an occasional "genuine coney" coat and a chance £2 10s. a week is a poor enough reward for the conditions under which these gallant and splendid Scots lassies live and work. Behind the recent strike was really a demand for better and more human conditions.

They have failed in that demand because they are not organised in any union and all the great public ever hears about them is their "bright and smiling faces." But this change is coming now and when the union backs their next demands it will not be satisfied with a grudging repayment of an old wage cut like "2d. a barrel."

Race with "Silver Ring"

LAST THREE

LIVERPOOL Autumn Cup, Derby Cup, and Manchester November Handicap—three more big races—and the curtain will ring down on the flat-racing season.

At one time Lord Derby made a habit of winning the Aintree trophies, and he may be to the fore again. He has Highlander and Trade Wind engaged and the first-named appears to be a reformed character.

Ante-post layers are offering 20 to 1 against Newtown Ford for the Derby Cup. This is a tempting price. Buckleigh is a nice offer at "twenties," and also I like Guiscard, who is a 33 to 1 chance.

Wise backers will leave the November Handicap until after the Derby Cup has been run. Most of the best horses are doubly engaged.

Slieve Mish and Cosmolite may come up at nice prices at Windsor this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 5, to Wednesday, November 11.

B A K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V H N J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C 93 T

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

Uric Acid in the Joints

"Every Picture tells a Story"

WHEN YOU ARE rheumatic be quick to suspect the kidneys. Excess uric acid and other wastes left in the blood by weak or sluggish kidney action can easily lay you up for weeks. The joints may become stiff, painful and swollen, or you may have pains in the small of the back, bladder trouble, sciatica, swollen limbs or nerve pains. These symptoms will disappear when you have removed the cause by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This time proved remedy acts specially upon the kidneys. Besides being antiseptic it stimulates and strengthens the kidneys and urinary system. The reports of thousands of grateful users of Doans Pills in all parts of the country prove their value for men and women alike. Why not avoid needless pain? Why not take Doans Pills, now?

Get rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

ALL THE 6 LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM

THE BIG TWO

THE BIG TWO

FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL

THE RENOWNED **CHALLENGER** NOTHING-BARRED LISTS

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired
in accordance with rules.

WINNINGS BY RETURN
Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

Please send particulars of your service.
I am over 21 years of age.

Name ....
J.B 7/11/36

Address ....

Town ....

County ....

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227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C2

for **Hoarseness**

Ingredients of Vick brand VapourRub in the form of a pleasant sweet. 6d

Vick BRAND **Lozenges**

TASTE GOOD = DO GOOD

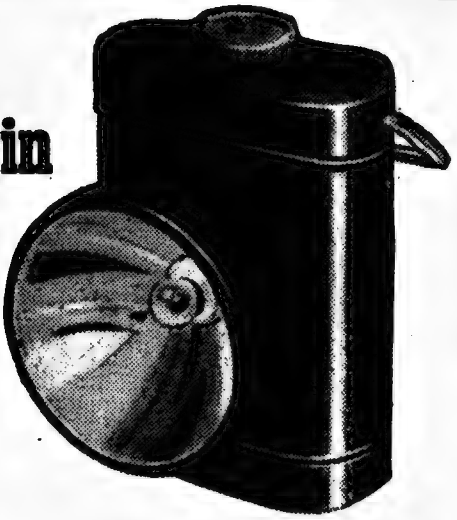
'CASCO'

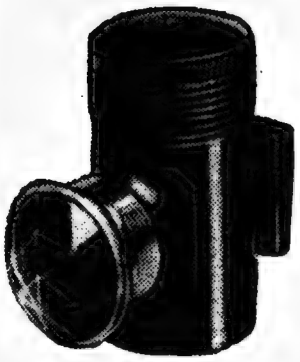
... the new way of fixing things

FREE Send post-card with name and address to Leicester, Lovell & Co. Ltd. (Dept. JB3), 14/18, Nile Street, London, N.1 for generous sample. (3)

'CASCO' is an incredibly strong adhesive cement. It is used commercially for making aeroplanes, where strength is vital. Also for making doors and furniture. Now in handy tins for home use. It's a clean dry powder mixed in a moment. Mends almost everything. Heat-proof, waterproof, quick setting. From ironmongers, Oil and Paint Shops. In tins 6d.

'Head' or 'Tail' you win





with 'Ever Ready' *electric* cycle lamps—especially now that winter's here! They spell convenience and safety at a cost of less than ½d. an hour for the front lamp and 1/10th penny for the rear lamp. See and be seen in safety this winter – ride with 'Ever Ready' fore and aft.

FRONT LAMPS FROM 2/6
REAR LAMP 1/6

(Obtainable everywhere)

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

EVER READY
REGD. TRADE MARK

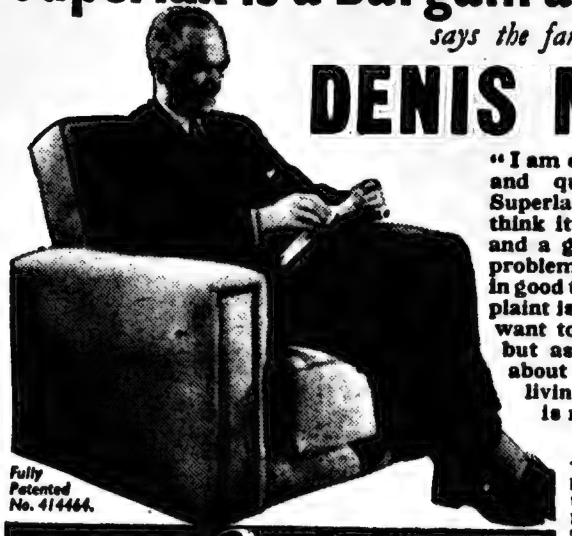
ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

"I honestly think the Berkeley Superlax is a Bargain at the Price,"

says the famous Author,

DENIS MACKAIL



Fully Patented No. 414464.

"I am delighted with the comfort and quality of my Berkeley Superlax arm-chair. I honestly think it is a bargain at the price, and a genuine contribution to the problem of furnishing cheaply and in good taste. In fact, my only complaint is that my two Pekingeses want to be on it all the time; but as these dogs know more about comfort than any other living creature, I suppose this is really a testimonial too."

***(Signed)* DENIS MACKAIL.**

The Berkeley Superlax is deeply, luxuriously upholstered, and designed to suit everyone—tall or short. Its patented automatic action lets you change from upright to resting or lounging positions, without making adjustment, or leaving the chair.

THE Berkeley SUPERLAX

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

10/-
WITH ORDER

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back, if not satisfied within seven days.
FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own Factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

IN B QUALITY COVERING CASH PRICE **67/6**
or 70/-:—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £3 : 12 : 6

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD,
LONDON, S.E. 1.
West End Showrooms: 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON;
The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM;
71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER;
149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

Name ________________

Address ________________

John Bull ________________

STOP THAT COLD to-night! 2 'ASPRO' tablets & a hot lemon drink WILL DO IT!

Lack of sunshine in the summer has meant for many a weakened resistance to colds and 'flu. The cold snap has caused a mild epidemic of colds. A cold can develop into a nasty 'flu attack if you fail to nip it in the bud but it can be definitely stopped in one night if you take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. Some people prefer lemon for the hot drink, others prefer whisky, others mix the two. That is just a matter of your own individual taste. The great success of 'ASPRO' for eliminating colds and 'flu is due to the fact that, after ingestion in the system, it is an antipyretic or fever-reducer, a powerful germicide and an internal antiseptic and Solvent of Uric Acid.

SORE THROATS and FEVERISH HEADACHES are about

Here again 'ASPRO' can help you. Just put two 'ASPRO' tablets in a little water and gargle. You will find your sore throat will be relieved immediately. Two 'ASPRO' tablets will banish the feverish headache in quick time.

Service and quick action are the keynotes of 'ASPRO.' 'ASPRO' cannot help you, however, unless you help yourself by taking it. Why not act at once? Take 'ASPRO' and banish your ills, chills, sore throats, feverish headaches, etc.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis and act as a deterrent.

PROOF THAT 'ASPRO' DEFINITELY STOPS COLDS

SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

72a, Townholm Crescent,
Hanwell, W.7.

Dear Sir,

I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by the morning, I am my old self again.—Yours faithfully,

G. RAY.

GRATEFUL MOTHER WRITES

A Grateful Mother at Oldham writes: "It is with much pleasure I write to tell you of the benefit I derived from your 'ASPRO' tablets. They give quick relief for Influenza, Wind, Headache and Neuralgia. I find nothing equal them. I never felt any ill effects whatever. I feel I cannot speak too highly of your 'ASPRO' and shall recommend them to all my friends."

BAD COLD AND PAINS BANISHED

13, Baxter Road, Essex Road,
London, N.1.

Sir,

I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good and in future they will be the first thing I will go for. Thanking 'ASPRO.' Yours faithfully,

B. BAYFORD.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE

COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'Aspro' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO Limited
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

Get Quick Relief from Indigestion

UNDER normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when breakdown comes, when the tragedy of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia looms before you, that you realise what good digestion really means.

Modern civilised conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked food, hastily eaten food, over indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, daily bring fresh victims to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia.

We must emphasize the folly of neglecting indigestion and its many symptoms. Do not wait until strength turns to weakness, until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles. From the first dose you will get quick relief. Persistent use will restore your digestive system to health.

De Witt's Antacid Powder

1/6 of all Chemists. Double Size 2/6

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Joint Pains

Those pains in the neck, shoulder or knee joints tell of some form of KIDNEY TROUBLE

The human frame is wonderfully adaptable to changing climatic conditions. Explorers go out to tropical forest or engage in arctic journeys without serious derangement in health. Yet people who stay at home suffer from slight or agonising pains in the joints at the first onset of damp and cold weather.

The reason is to be found in the working of some organ of the body—usually the kidneys. The kidneys should regularly remove poisonous waste material from the body and pass it out through the bladder. If the kidneys get out of order through chill or after-effect of some illness such as influenza, they work imperfectly and leave these poisonous waste materials in the blood. This waste (uric acid) settles in joints or muscles and gives rise to those painful days and nights.

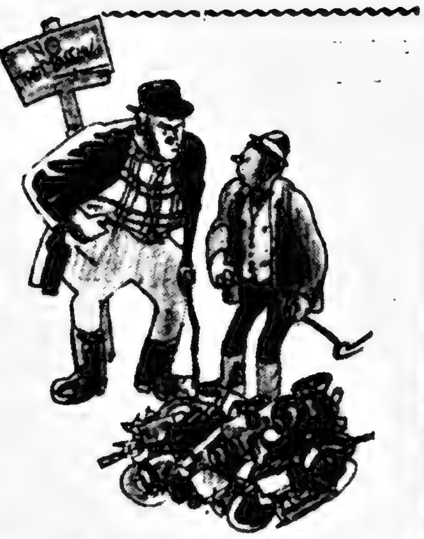
De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially made to give relief in all forms of Kidney Trouble. If you suffer from pains in the joints you will be delighted at the splendid and speedy relief you will obtain from a short course of De Witts Pills.

It is interesting to note how many workers, farmers, builders, drivers, housewives, travellers, motormen—in fact people in all walks of life—to whom stiffness or swollen joints are such serious troubles, have written to thank us for the speedy ending of their worries, thanks to De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They are sold everywhere in the white, blue and gold cartons

DeWITTS BRAND KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS 1/3 3/- 5/-

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



Farmer (Somerset).—"The season is now with us when we look over the farm and see the fruits of our labours."—And other people's.

JIMMIE (Esher).—"I have called my Dalmatian puppy 'Pudding.'" Spotted dog.

MILKMAN (Dulwich).—"My job is all right, only I find it so monotonous." Just the same old round.

NURSERYMAN (Kent).—"My turnover has more than doubled in a twelvemonth." Well, naturally, your business is growing.

HUNT (Dorset).—"If there is one thing I want more than any other after a long day in the saddle it is a ——" Cushion?

J. G. (Midlands).—"Our police team consists of eleven sergeants." They play in stripes, then?

TAILOR (Manchester).—"I guarantee to give my clients a perfect fit." When they receive your account?

T. G. E. (Wanstead).—"You never find a judge becoming angry or impatient when his jury disagrees." No, he just tries again.

CURIOUS (Welwyn).—"What draws so many Edinburgh people to London in winter?" As often as not the "Flying Scotsman."

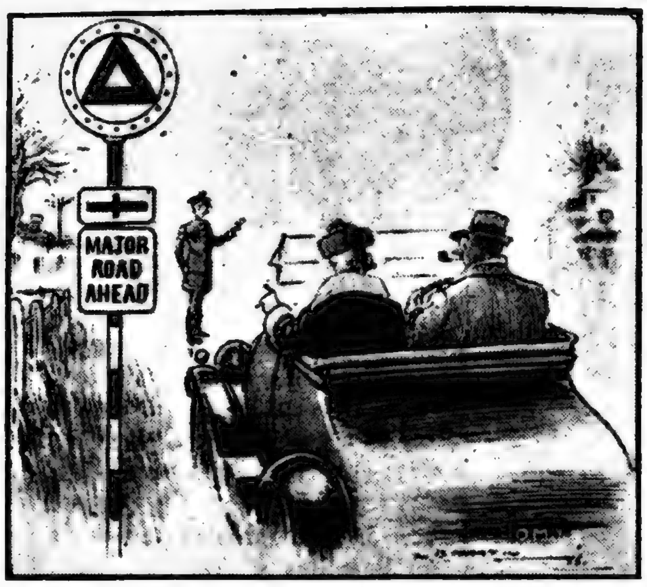
L. D. (Stockport).—"Now that I've lost all my teeth I find that tapioca pudding suits me better than anything." Better than teeth?

FOOTBALL FAN (Woolwich).—"The caustic criticism the supporters' club sent to the manager regarding the team's play had good effect. In their next game they found the net seven times. and won easily." You didn't grumble on that score, then?

FRANK, HENRY K. (Putney).—"I read the other day that if you think a man is telling you lies the best thing to do is to look him straight in the eye." That would be rather difficult, wouldn't it, if he was speaking to you on the telephone?

TRAVELLER (Hounslow).—"I was talking to a porter while waiting for a train the other day. He very much surprised me by saying his ambition was to become a successful novelist." He is a porter who has ideas beyond his station, apparently.

TRAINER (Peckham).—"The few seconds a boxer has in his corner between rounds are an important factor in his success." But not nearly so important as the seconds the other fellow spends on his back while the referee is counting.



"I suppose the military-looking gentleman would be Major Road himself?"—*From "The Passing Show"*

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your entry. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

DOCTOR (Exeter).—"New bread is bad for the digestion." That's a bit of stale news.

PUZZLED (Garstang).—"Why is slimming still popular?" Because it has many stout supporters.

S. T. (Margate).—"Motoring for pleasure is only for the rich." But we know quite a lot of poor drivers

B. B. (Chester).—"What's wrong with the telephone?" Nothing. It's the numbers we complain about.

T. A. (Colchester). "I do a tremendous amount of light reading." Are you an electric meter inspector?

K. S. (Lancaster).—"I have one consolation for the nasty letter my boy sent to me." He had to pay for it?

MRS. D. (Enfield).—"Men who back horses usually end disastrously." Yes, and so do women who back cars.

B. L. (Ebbw Vale).—"She refused to let me have the last dance with her." Apparently you'd already had it.

PROFESSOR (*Birmingham*).—*"A hen has the capacity of laying six hundred eggs and she finishes in just about five years." And then begins to be a spring chicken.*

C. K. (Llanelly).—"Some women insist on lighting fires directly there is a nip in the air, and what is the result?" Ashes.

HONEST (Ipswich).—"I thought some dirty work was being done when I found the stolen rose-bush in my garden." You suspected a plant?

R. D. (Evesham).—"My wife wants me to buy her an expensive door-curtain, but I won't." You're afraid of feeling a draught, perhaps.

M. C. (Manchester).—"Every member of our dramatic society is an athlete of distinction." Your play should enjoy a good run.

B. L. (Grendon).—"My two boys play football in the garden, and I feel sure they will go and break the neighbour's windows." You mean break his windows and go?

C. D. (Somerset).—"My business as a coal merchant has improved tremendously since I have made a point of only supplying the best nuggets." Your slack days are over?

MRS. B. (Windsor).—"Now that I have an electric cooker, I'm going to make a habit of reading my meter." You'll probably get a shock or two.

HISTORIAN (Highgate).—"A scientist says that the discovery of a fossilised fish with a hinged neck is a possible clue to man's evolution." The creature leads directly down the ages to the diminutive football fan craning for a view from behind a stout spectator.

T. S. (Gloucester).—"There is one thing about a new wireless." The whole family.

F. P. (Sutton).—"He takes distorted views of things." An amateur photographer?

PUBLICAN (Rayleigh).—"Glasses of wine fluctuate considerably." Up one minute and down the next.

GARDENER (Iver).—"It pays to work with the correct garden tools." Right hoe!

B N. (Maida Vale).—"A brawl actually started in the beauty parlour." Ugly customers.

S N. (Mitcham).—"What is the best way to bone a herring?" Why not be honest and buy it?

B. P. J. (Maldon).—"Almost without exception, British sailors take rum." Every Jack has his jill.

COBBLER (Staines).—"The young man who is well-booted looks smart." And feels so if he is hurriedly leaving the house of his prospective father-in-law.

GROCER (W. London).—"I have been swindled so many times in my business that I am seriously contemplating trying another trade." That of a greengrocer?

MRS. J. (Weymouth).—"My husband told me that he had been fishing, but he brought back no fish." So surely you do not doubt his word with such proof?

R. E. (Yarmouth).—"Herrings sometimes dive under our nets to escape being caught." They evidently believe that prevention is better than cure.

Archibald C. (Kent).—"A friend of mine owns an orchard which has brought in well over four hundred pounds this year." That's a very nice apple turnover.

N. S. (Dundee).—"I can make far more money in a short time by teaching shorthand than by teaching any other subject." And, of course, your object is speed.

T. J. (Deal).—"Will gold ever be found in this country in any quantity?" It's found every week in Long Acre by *Bullets* competitors—dig into page 47 and £500 or one of 797 other Christmas Prizes may turn up.

SORE (Goole).—"I met an old friend of mine the other day—he's a circus strong man—and when he shook hands with me he fractured three small bones in my hand." That was a nice "How d'ye do?" wasn't it?

MOTHER (Hitchin).—"All the mothers give birthday parties for their children, but I think it would be pure waste to buy a birthday cake for my little boy, who will be twelve months old very soon." You don't think it would be worth the candle.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE NORTH CHESHIRE HERALD AND DENTON REPORTER:—" . . . wore dresses of blue taffeta trimmed with silver lame, silver shoes and hats to CATCH. . . ."

BLYTH NEWS AND ASHINGTON POST:—"The Chief Constable is to be asked to place a constable on JOINT duty at the Trotter Memorial . . ."

NEWCASTLE NORTH MAIL:—"Slice two peeled and seeded oranges and put the slices at the bottom of a glass DITCH."

HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Mrs. —— gave GIRTH to two daughters."

STAFFORDSHIRE EVENING SENTINEL:—"I have never offered a cent to anyone. I should like those who I am supposed to have offered a BRIDE to come forward."

It soothes and heals while you sleep

SINGLETON'S Eye Ointment, the soothing and healing eye salve with over 300 years' reputation for all eye troubles, works steadily and thoroughly while you sleep. A touch of Singleton's applied before going to bed will definitely soothe away irritation and heal and strengthen the eyes. EYE STRAIN, COLD, STYES, ULCERS, WEAK AND WATERY EYES, etc., yield at once to this unfailing remedy.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all chemists, or direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK.—To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210 Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

If you are subject to attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis, or other painful Chest Troubles you should go to your Chemist at once and get a tin of

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

It gives you

INSTANT RELIEF

Keep Potter's in the home ready for use—you will then prevent attacks at night when relief is so necessary.

A.P.W. writes :—"I have been a sufferer from Asthma for 9 years and am finding great relief from Potter's Asthma Cure. It helps me to breathe more freely and is most soothing. I feel most grateful for the rest it enables me to get. I have no hesitation in recommending it to any fellow sufferer. I have no objection to this being published should you wish it."

Don't hesitate, because the longer you allow Asthma to remain in your system the stronger hold it will have on you. **Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate sweet and soothing relief** and sufferers tell us it actually makes existence possible and has given them ease and comfort such as they had long been strangers to. There is no medicine or tablets to be taken. Simply inhale the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure and instantly that nightly gasping for breath and attacks of coughing cease as if by magic. There is no need for delay as **every chemist everywhere sells Potter's**—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need. If you are a sufferer from these distressing complaints, write for a copy of the interesting booklet "Are You Asthmatic ?" which gives useful information as to treatment, as well as hints on health and diet.

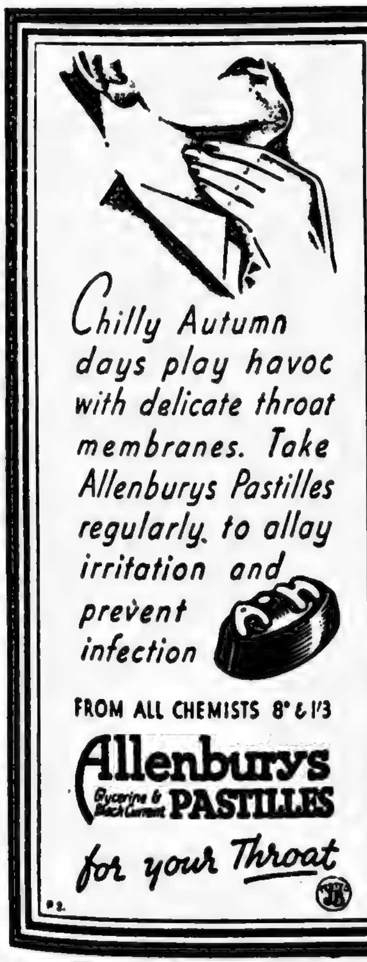
POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

OUTDOOR WORKERS

who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, especially fog, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture for immediate soothing relief. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

No Asthma sufferer should ever be without a tin of this wonderful remedy in the home—attacks frequently come on without warning. It is also unequalled for Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chest Tightness, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup, Chronic Colds, etc. It contains no opiates or habit forming drugs and does not cause headache.

Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.



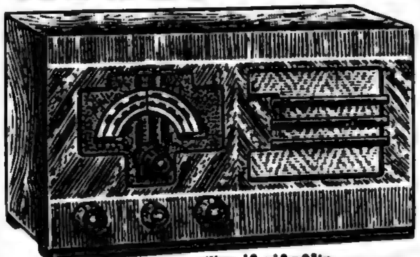
Chilly Autumn days play havoc with delicate throat membranes. Take Allenburys Pastilles regularly to allay irritation and prevent infection

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

Allenburys
Glycerine & Blackcurrant
PASTILLES

for your Throat

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size 18 x 10 x 9¾in.

8/- Monthly

GRAVES 'V3' ALL-MAINS SET marks the biggest advance yet made in popular-price Radio. Never before has such a magnificent All Mains Receiver been offered at such a Bargain Price on terms so transparently fair. Graves Value is unequalled, and there is no better protection than the Graves Guarantee. If you have electric light, The Graves 'V.3' Receiver is the Set you should buy, for it is supreme in Quality, Value & Performance, and costs little to run.

RADIO'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

Built up entirely of British components of warranted excellence and reliability, including Iron-cored Multi-wire Coils, the cores being of a new pattern and of exceptional efficiency. The Moving Coil Loud Speaker has a Nital Magnet and a new type of non ferrous chassis; the valves are Two High Frequency Pentodes; One High Power Output Pentode, and One robust Rectifier—all of latest pattern British make. The Cabinet, as illustrated, has a Walnut veneer front with figured centre panel, beautifully grained crossbands and neat sycamore inlays. The Equipment is complete in every way, including Mains Cord and dual connector (for wall plug or lamp holder); and either Inside or Outside Aerial according to your wishes. There is nothing else to buy, the whole outfit is securely packed and sent Carriage Paid. Price **£7:12:0**

Terms: 8/- Monthly.

MOST IMPORTANT:—Nothing is added to the price for easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HIS BACKACHE

WAS DUE TO HIS

LUMBAR NERVE

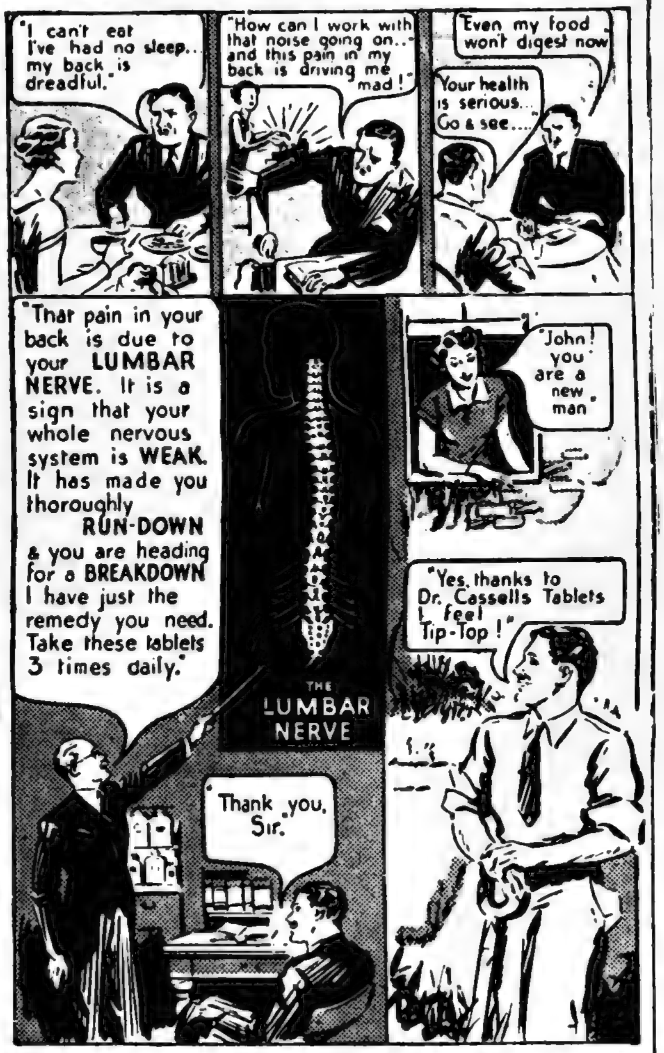
Weak Nerves can bring on symptoms of every Health Trouble known! Thousands of people are suffering from Nerve Trouble . . . and do not know it! They are heading straight for a BREAKDOWN yet never realise that it is their NERVES which are at fault. **BACKACHE** (*caused by the Lumbar Nerve*) is only one symptom. **HEADACHES** (*Trigeminal Nerve*): **SCIATICA** (*Sciatic Nerve*): **INDIGESTION** (*Gastric Nerve*), etc., etc. ALL indicate Nerve Weakness. Begin AT ONCE to take a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets and so get rid of the *CAUSE* of the trouble.

Your NERVES Are Your LIFE

When Nerves are weak then **EVERY** bodily function suffers! And you will continue to suffer until you Strengthen and *Feed* your Nerves. If, therefore, you get

HEADACHES
BACKACHE
IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
DEPRESSION
PALPITATION
HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS

You need Dr. Cassells Tablets most urgently. **DO NOT DELAY** ! It is **NOW** you must act **. . NERVE BREAKDOWN** comes often with devastating swiftness. **STOP IT NOW** while there is time.


"I can't eat I've had no sleep.. my back is dreadful."
"How can I work with that noise going on..- and this pain in my back is driving me mad!"
"Even my food won't digest now"
"Your health is serious... Go & see...."
"That pain in your back is due to your LUMBAR NERVE. It is a sign that your whole nervous system is WEAK. It has made you thoroughly RUN-DOWN & you are heading for a BREAKDOWN I have just the remedy you need. Take these tablets 3 times daily."
THE LUMBAR NERVE
"Thank you, Sir."
"John! you are a new man"
"Yes, thanks to Dr. Cassells Tablets I feel Tip-Top!"

Don't FIGHT Weak Nerves—FEED them!

Dr. Cassells Tablets are now known the World over. Their effect is almost miraculous, for they contain just what your starved Nerves need. They make you well so quickly, for directly the New Power is poured into the Nerve Centres every part of the body begins to benefit. It is almost as though you have taken on a new Lease of Life . . the World becomes a bright and happy place . . . full of smiles and enjoyment instead of distress and misery!

If you are a victim of any nerve trouble you must instantly commence to build up your Nerve Power . . . to soothe and feed and *strengthen* those inflamed, weakened, health-starved Nerve Cells! Then and only then can you begin to get well! Begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY and so MASTER your NERVES.

Prices 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

SHE'S WON AN INCOME FOR LIFE AND £500 Here is Mrs. E. C. Hitchcock, of 218, Oxford Road, Swindon, outright winner of Crossword No 34, who chose 30s. Weekly for Life and £500 cash as her gigantic reward for working out an entertaining "John Bull" Crossword

Congratulations to JOHN BULLS 23RD. CROSSWORD PENSIONER!

YOU CAN BE NEXT FOR

30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500 cash

OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £800

ADDITIONAL £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award. TO BE POSTED WED., NOV. 25

AND BUMPER XMAS HAMPER

FOR EACH WINNER OF £1 OR OVER, CONTAINING

Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port, to arrive just before Dec 25

PRESENTED on this page is the fortieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

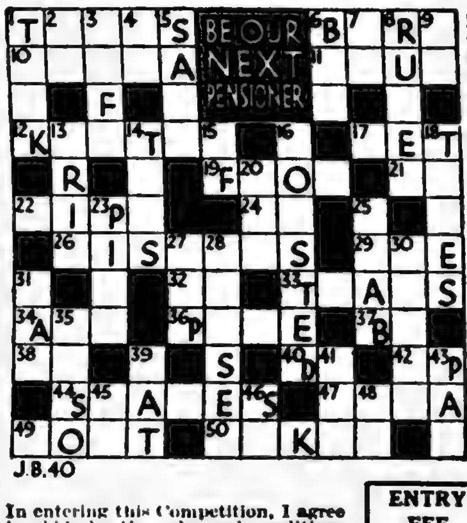
The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

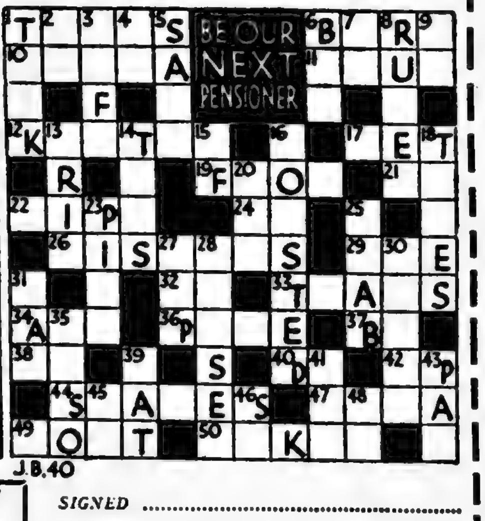
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, November 26, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 40. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1936.



J.B.40



J.B.40

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..................No..............

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED ....

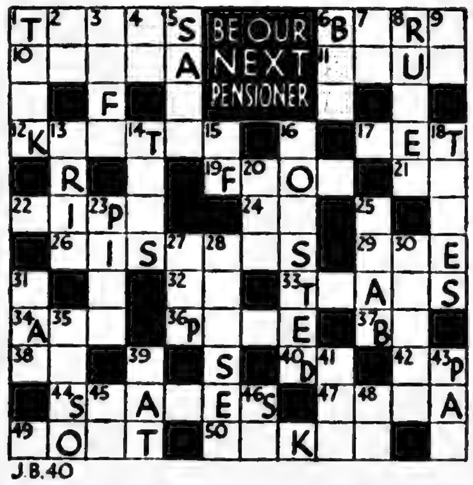
ADDRESS..

....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 40. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1936.



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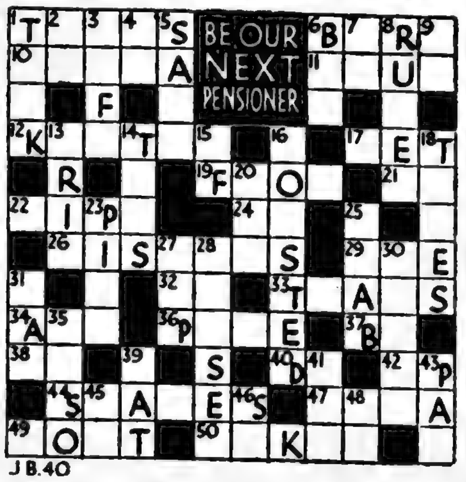


J.B.40

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value...............No................

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED..

ADDRESS ....

....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 40, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Friday, November 13.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 1, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TO HELP YOU WIN A LIFE PENSION

Both Mrs. Hitchcock, seen on this page and Mr. Lovis, whose £500 and Pension success is reported on page 46, owed their Fortune and Life Income prize to reading our free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Secure your supply by enclosing with Crossword entry the Reservation Coupon on page 47.

Result and Winning Square of Crossword Competition No. 39 will appear in next week's "John Bull."

CLUES ACROSS

1. Stories
6. Sound dog makes
10. Space where combats and games take place
11. Birds peculiar to Australia and Crosswords
12. Baby cat
17. The older this gets, the less it brings in
19. You won't get many intelligent answers from this of a class
21. Centre part of mosaic
22. One often makes things brighter
24. First and last items of agenda.
26. Daughters of same parents
29. Eggs of fish
32. Common to lord and manor
33. Points are always very important to these
34. Silly fellow in morass
36. You know something about the health of a person who goes this
37. How beginning begins
38. Depart in agony
40. End of parade
42. Both ends of nap
44. Lovely ones appeal to every artist
47 Endorsement on passport
49. It's a big job to clean this
50. Dissolute people and garden implements

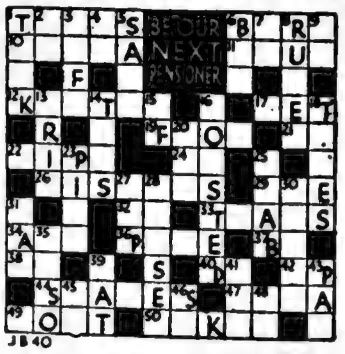
CLUES DOWN

1. It's not easy to hammer a long one home
2. Last half of year
3. Opposite of right
4. One third of twenty in seven
5. Outlook on life is more pleasant when one is this
6. It's sometimes better to sleep on this
7. Portion of jam in hamper
8. Chess is a game of complicated ones
9. Remove a fish from keels
13. Flower that's in your eye
14. Playing off these is sometimes difficult
15. Found in infant and manful
16. Bridegroom is often this at wedding breakfast
18. Fishermen's are sometimes unexpected
20. One rows with this
23. They provide us with something to eat
25. Don't do this if you want to get on
27. Summit, or child's toy
28. You rub out things with this
30. Signs and portents
31. One you find in a Christmas cracker is usually old
35. First half of solo twice
39. It's surprising how this collects the dust
41. Adam's wife
43. Wife usually welcomes yours
45. Head and tail of hyena
46. South Africa, in short
48. Taxis without tax

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



J B 40

J B 40

NEWS-AGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

J B 40

J B 40

12,000,000 WOMEN FROM 16 TO 60

suffer from skin starvation and do not know it—*How to tell.*

Try this tonight and telegraph results.

THIS CAN BE YOU

In England alone 12 million women—mothers, wives, girls—let their skins starve. Wrinkles, bad complexions, blackheads, enlarged pores, sagging muscles are the skin's cry for food. Let your skin eat! Give it nourishing Biocel, a skinfood obtained from deep skin cells of young animals. Instantly absorbed by pores, and digested, because Biocel is "kin to your own skin." It is now blended with Crème Tokalon, rose colour, in just the right proportions to make your skin firm, fresh and young. Try it tonight. Next morning, feel your face—your real face! Look at it! Food did it—Tokalon Cream, rose colour, at night, white colour in the morning—Crème Tokalon White Colour, non-greasy also contains oxygen white—a magical substance that will make your skin three shades whiter in a few days. Success guaranteed when both creams are used or your money refunded. By special arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 G), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

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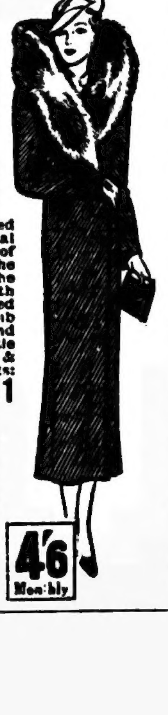
Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for **YOU.**



WINSTON A thoroughly dependable All Wool Velour of an attractive diagonal weave has been chosen for this neatly tailored coat, which is designed in the newest fashion, and finished in all its details with exceptional care. The back of the garment is of novel and tasteful design, and the sleeves are of the latest shape. The garment is lined throughout with Art. Silk Twill to tone, & is mounted with a sumptuous long-haired Lamb Fur collar of rich appearance and reliable quality. Coat shades: Bottle Green, Dark Wine, Nigger, Navy, & Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38ins; Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price **39/11**

Terms: 4/6 Monthly.

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4/6 Monthly

Acid in Your Blood Kills Health and Pep Kidneys Usually to Blame

Nothing can so quickly undermine your health and energy as an excess of Acid in your blood. Every time you move your hand or use the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This goes on even when you are asleep.

Nature provides an automatic method of getting rid of excess Acids by your blood circulating 200 times an hour through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your Kidneys. The Kidneys filter out these health-destroying Acids and purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly and remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, and worn-out.

Causes Many Ills

Dr. T. J. R.

Weak kidneys often are the real cause of Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, Backeche, Loss of Vitality, or Burning, Itching and Smarting. Don't delay treatment. Your life may be in danger. Help your kidneys with the doctor's special guaranteed Kidney prescription: Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and Bladder, and helps the Kidneys wash impurities and Acids from the system and thus purifies the blood. Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the acidity. The only way you can really get rid of the Acidity is by helping your Kidneys remove the Acid from your system. The acid is bound to stay there unless the Kidneys function properly.

Thousands of chemists and doctors in 51 countries throughout the world recommend Cystex, for instance, Dr. T. J. R., famous Doctor, Surgeon and Scientist of London, says "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless" Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely-known physician and Medical Examiner, says: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the Poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

£1,000 Guarantee

Cystex is offered under a written guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. This guarantee is backed by a fund of £1,000 on deposit with the Westminster Bank, London. Put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction.

48-Hour Results

With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the Kidneys. Most people report a remarkable improvement within the first 48 hours, and complete satisfaction within 8 days. As the guarantee protects you completely, don't take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or any medicine not good enough to be guaranteed. Delay may endanger your life. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (Pronounced Siss-tex) to-day

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6d
112 PAGES

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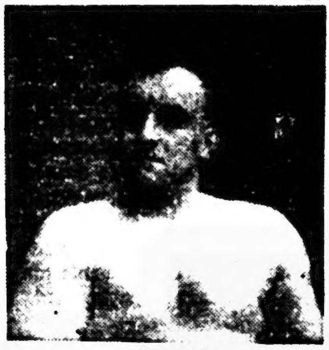
THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!

OVER 36,000 TESTIMONIALS BY ACCOUNTANT'S CERTIFICATE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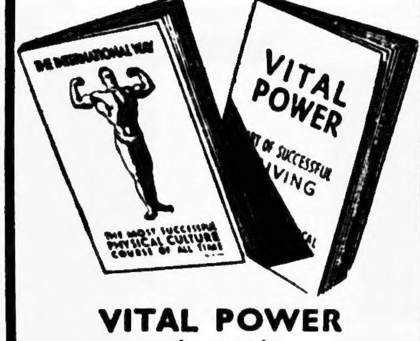

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How many times a limb has had to be amputated; precious health has been lost, maybe for ever, through neglecting elementary precautions. Dirt in neglected wounds, even in a tiny cut or scratch, may cause deadly poisoning; may mean an operation, with its consequent weeks or months of disablement; may even mean loss of employment.

Thousands of cases of BLOOD-POISONING were dealt with by our hospitals in 1935. MANY OF THESE BEGAN WITH TINY SCRATCHES.

Always Use

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SEE HOW DANGER STARTS

A chance knock or scratch—and DIRT does its work at once.

A TINY BLISTER—DIRT ENTERS—AN AMPUTATION

A SMALL SORE—DIRT ENTERS—MONTHS OF SKIN TROUBLE

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SEE PAGES 2, 3 & 4.

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LIFE PENSION and £500 Won by BUILDER'S LABOURER

YOUNG Mr. A. Lovis, 20, Bolton Street, Brixham, Devon, builder's labourer, started entering for JOHN BULL'S Crosswords just five weeks ago, because they filled his evenings entertainingly.

Now, with only his fifth entry, he has become the outright winner in the 37th Contest of our new series, securing for himself £500 and a Life Pension of 30s. Weekly for Life.

This young man of twenty-eight is the 80th competitor to win an undivided First Prize in our Crossword Contest—and his fortune and Life Pension will mean payments totalling over £2,000 during the next twenty years, as well as security for his old age.

"I usually work out the puzzle at my midday break on Thursday," Mr. Lovis told a JOHN BULL man, "and that evening I get down to the job of finding every possible word likely to fit those clues which offer a choice."

One week ago he felt he was knocking at the door of success, for he secured one of the smaller awards in Competition No. 36. And now, in the very next Contest, he has captured the finest prize which can be won in Crossword Competitions to-day. His hints to help *you* win, therefore, are well worth following.

"I make sure of getting a copy of the *Crossword Gazette*," he declared, "because of the help you get from the invaluable 'Weighing Up' of the Committee. And when working out the puzzles I always give every possible answer the most careful attention."

* * *

Accompanying the *Crossword Gazette*, JOHN BULL publishes free for would- winners *Bullets Bulletin*, a bright li weekly packed with expert advice *Bullets* entrants.

"My stand-by and my husband's *Bullets Bulletin*. It has helped us a interested us. It has made us regu instead of casual entrants. And with aid we have gone on from winning 'Ta gets' to First Prize."

Those were the words of Mrs. E. Quay 17, Head Road, Douglas, Isle of Man, w captured the First Prize of £500 in o 1,044th Contest. Hers was the thoughtf *Bullet*, MY WORLD—THREATENED BY " COUNTRY!"

"I am now assistant sales manager f Messrs. Solo Orchards, Ltd., and have be on the road all my life." JOHN BULL hea from Mr. W. C. Harris, 70, Hillside Ro Tottenham, who secured our 1,043 First Prize with the neat and hum effort, THANKS TO NURSE—OVERLOOKI MY ONLY "TWINGE."

"For years," this £500 winner went o "I have carried *Bullets Bulletin* with m —after all, it contains *Examples*, coupon hints, the invaluable 'Danger List' a 'Common Crashes'—in fact, everythi you need to help you to win!"

Another fine £500 First is waiting be won this week. With your efforts capture it, enclose the easy Reservati Coupon on this page and you will be time to receive *Bullets Bulletin's* inva able guidance for the Record Christm Offer heralded below, as well as the Cro*word Gazette's* guidance in a mons Crossword contest which will be follo ing.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,048.

First Prize, £3,000 cash, plus Security Pension of £2 weekly for life, commencing at age 60:

R. FRENCH, 24, Clockhouse Avenue, Greenside Lane, Droylsden
Example: WHEN MEN ARE BROTHERS
Bullet: PESSIMISM'S TURN TO "MARCH."

SECOND PRIZE, £200:

C. J. HALLAM, Buxton Road, Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire.
Example: To Help The Children
Bullet: Two Try—True Tie.

THIRD PRIZE, £100:

A. HUTCHINSON, 18, Wallis Street, Basford, Nottingham.
Example: Grundy And Dora
Bullet: And Neville—And Yet——.

OTHER PRIZES:

£75: W. WILTSHIRE, 25, Sir Ivor's Road, Pontllanfraith, Mon.
World We Want—Obtainable—Obtain Around Table!

£50: Mrs. W. WALL, Sunnyside, 45, Leigh Road, Westbury, Wilts.
Night After Night—Wife *Tiptoes* To "Pictures."

£40: N. PHILIP, House of Daviot, Pitcaple, Aberdeen.
Horrors Of War—"Silence" Condemns—Silence Encourages.

£30: R. WOOLLEY 23, Roseneath Place, Edinburgh.
Horrors Of War—Ban! Man Can!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£25: A. OWEN, "Herald" Buildings, Hall Street, Rhosllanerchrugog.
World We Want—Others Don't—Result, This!

£20: D. GILL, 104, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Questions—Civilisation, Gun "Answering" Gun.

£19: J. FRIEL, 52, Clooney Terrace, Londonderry.
Enough For A Man—"Drilling" Sergeant *Wifey* Gives.

£18: W. WILSON, 22, Havelock Street, South Shields.
World We Want—Globe Less Like Bomb.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£17: Mrs. M. N. WHETTON, 6, Connor Street, Peebles, N.B.
Spoils—Taxpayer's "Stocking," Battleship's "Wash."

£16: W. A. EVANS, 16, Albert Road, Portishead, near Bristol.
Buy A Poppy And—Do More—Doom War!

£15: A. MILSOM, 15, Rudmore Park, Bat
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£14 10s.: F. G. LOVE, 107, Lupin Str Birmingham.
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£14: L. SMITH, 14, Golden Square, Lond W.
World We Want—"Merry-go-round"— "Shooting Range."

£13 10s.: L. BALCH, "Rodmersham," An Common, Hull.
Horrors Of War—"Locked" In "Unhinge Minds.

£13: R. ROULSTON, 336a, Holdenhurst Ro Bournemouth, Hants.
Up Went A Rocket And—Fishermen Sudde "Found Work."

£12 10s.: G. R. SUTTON, 315, Hendon W London, N.W.
World We Want—Vast "Workshop"— Unemployed.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£12: W. LAW, 26, East Charles Street, C borne, Cornwall.
Father's Radio—Touch Brings *His Voice!*

£11 10s.: W. L. HOOLE, 3, Sandhurst P Crookes, Sheffield.
Auntie's Got Money, But—Spending Fortu Hunting Fortune-hunter!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£11: E. BEESLEY, 23, Park Avenue, Kend Westmorland.
Feeling Bitter—Famished After Fame Va ished.

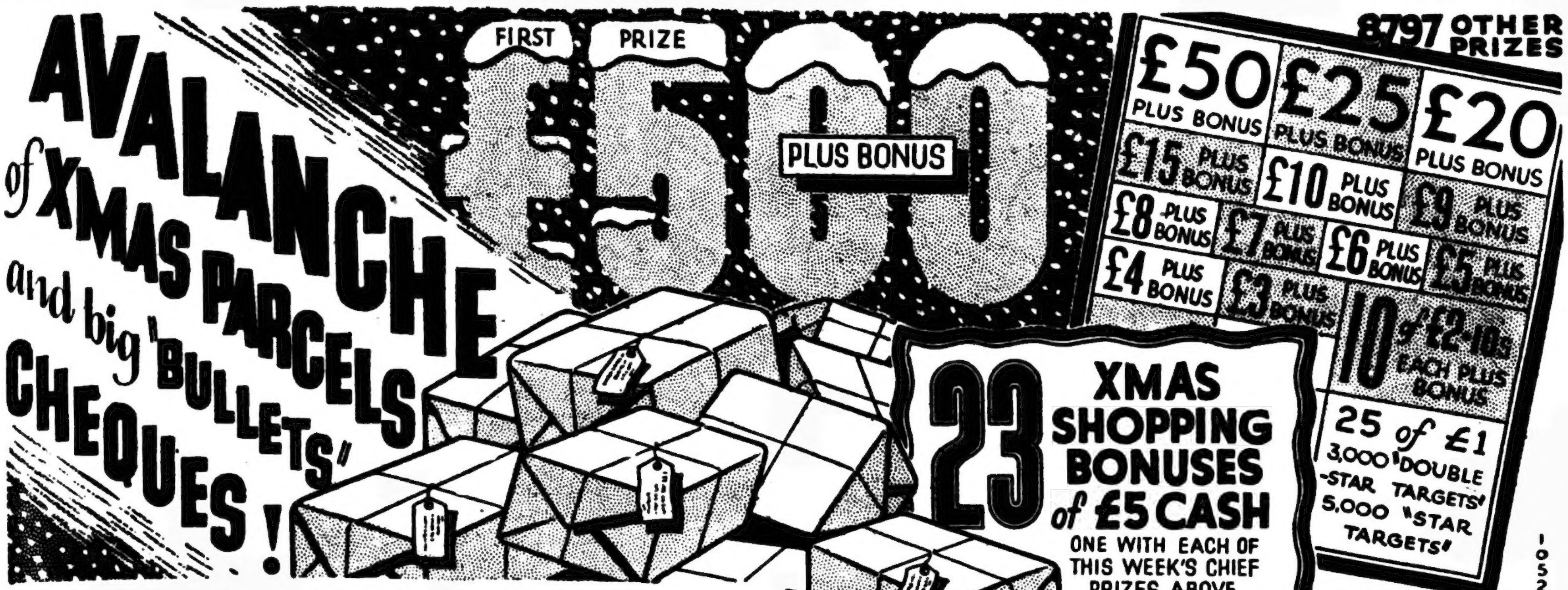
£10 10s.: Mrs. N. HAMILTON, "Somervil Gore Road, New Milton, Hants.
In The Class Room—Sonny *Does* The Silent

£10: H. DIXON, 59, Hawthorne Road, St ton-on-Tees.
Professor Baldwin—"Globe" Gains, *Il* "Turns."

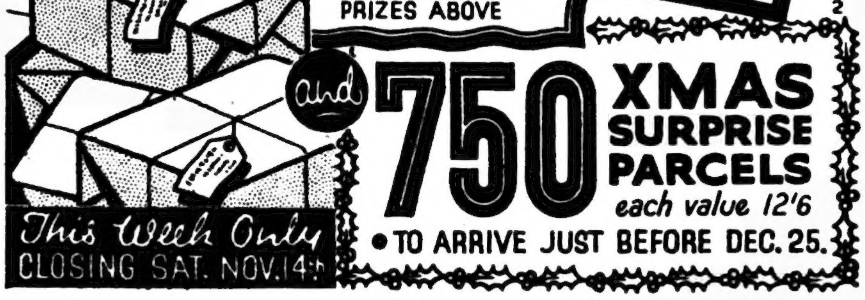
A list of all other cash prize-winners can seen at the offices of "John Bull."

GIANT ATTRACTIONS IN RECORD XMAS OFFER COMING!

First, the mighty 2-in-1 Prize of £2 weekly for life and £1,500 cash; second the 100 fine Christmas Shopping Cheques to reach winners on December 23; third, the final huge array of no fewer than 1,000 Christmas Feasts; fourth, an unlimited distribution of Free 3-in-1 Christmas Surprise Gifts!



HUGE OFFER OF XMAS CASH, BONUSES AND PARCELS!



WITH a £500 fortune to give you security and an extra Christmas Shopping Bonus as well, happiness would be sure for you and yours on December 25—and for long afterwards. That is the golden prospect just ahead of some entrant in this week's fine *Bullets* Offer: send JOHN BULL the best effort of this Contest and on Friday, November 27, you will receive a Joy Wire that will make Christmas, 1936, by far the merriest of your whole life.

A fine list of graded Cheque-plus-Bonus awards follow this bumper First and no fewer than 750 competitors who just miss the top of this seasonable prize-list will secure Christmas Surprise Parcels, value 12s. 6d.

"A real family parcel" was the comment of one of last year's Surprise Parcel winners—Mr. E. M. Aspinall, Middlestown, Wakefield. "Never had we hoped for anything so generous and varied."

"No family could possibly fail to be pleased," said another winner, Mr. L. H. Mogridge, 56, St. Bernard's Road, Shirehampton, Bristol. "One would almost think I had written to you saying exactly what was desired."

The contents of this year's Christmas Surprise Parcels will be of the same high JOHN BULL quality. But you cannot win that fine one-week First or any of those big Cheques and Shopping Bonuses unless you enter within the next few days.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the list of *Examples* and jot down, say, six which seem most promising. Then, against each of these selected *Examples*, write as rough notes the thoughts that it brings to your mind.

Each of your finished *Bullets* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to polish up your rough notes into well-phrased *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that you had jotted down against the *Example*, GOING EASY, the rough note, *Often Difficult To Hard Worker*. This you could readily condense and improve into the typical *Bullet*, GOING EASY—"COMES HARD" TO SLOGGER.

Before starting on your own efforts, study carefully the good points of the chief winning *Bullets* in our 1,048th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry *must* reach the judges by Saturday, November 14.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE 'EXAMPLES'

(Competition No. 1,052)

EARTH v. MARS
IN GENEVA'S EYES
TIME TO PROTEST
TO REDUCE THE TOLL
MEN OF GOODWILL
LOVE'S PRISONER
MAGNETIC PERSONALITY
UP TO HIS TRICKS
DISGUSTED
WORTH A VISIT
CLEVER MISS
IN DAD'S DEN
SAD TO SEE
COMFORTING
"KEEP IT DARK!"
IN THE GALLERY
CLOSE
TO HEAR HER TALK
GOING EASY
LIKE A GOOSE
SONNY BLEW IN AND
FELL THROUGH
PARTED
NOT THE SAME
TOUGH PROPOSITION
AGAINST THE TIDE
BUNDLE OF NERVES
CAN'T AGREE
PUTTING ON GLOVES
FELT SMALL
PATCHWORK
HE'S UNEMPLOYED, SO
LEADER OF THE BAND
MORE LEISURE
BLESSED NUISANCE
HIS MONUMENT

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ACCEPT
48
FREE PAGES
of help with
"BULLETS" and
"JOHN BULL'S"
CROSSWORDS
USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR
CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME________________________

ADDRESS______________________

____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

IF you want to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

ENTER ON THESE COUPONS BY SAT., NOV. 14.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,052)
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Closing SAT., Nov. 14.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,052)
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Closing SAT., Nov. 14.
Signed ....
Address ....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,052)
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Closing SAT., Nov. 14.
Signed ....
Address ....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,052)
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Closing SAT., Nov. 14.
Signed ....
Address ....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,052 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,052, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Don't Suffer From
CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

AS THE WATERS FLOW
SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!
Unchecked!
Unhampered!
Irresistible!!
Elasto
Regd.
The GREAT NATURAL REMEDY
for DISEASES of the
VEINS and ARTERIES
& All Ailments Arising Therefrom

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels !

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that—12,000 miles! *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This wonderful pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, is designed to do, and actually does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. *No drugs! no adhesive bandage; Elasto cures through the blood!*

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Eczema, Rheumatism, Piles, Heart Trouble and other disorders due to bad circulation are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment: to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear positively miraculous.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell Food!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free—see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—*the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I have suffered for years from a weak heart but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Aged 66."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again." Etc., Etc.

Elasto
Regd.
REMEDY
GRADE STANDARD
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD.
CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1.
Elasto

Elasto Cures Through The Blood

Beware of Imitations!

For all "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this New Biological Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it. Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.B),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
The Great Blood Revitaliser

ELASTO
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the Blood.

NAME ....
(*Please print in Capital Letters*)

ADDRESS ....
....
....

JB

"John Bull" 7/11/36 *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.*

Elasto will save you pounds!

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